

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE



In This Issue:

Light in the Gloom

By Herbert Greenan, C. P.

Jesus' Sanhedrite Friends

By Charles E. Hodson

The Burial

By P. J. O'Connor Duffy

Now and Then

By Bertha Radford Sutton

With the Passionists in China

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WHY?

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And, therefore, we are begging and we are not hanging our heads in shame at all!

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The Giving of Thanks

Something About the Significance of Thanksgiving Day

To the READERS of THE SIGN.

My Dear Friends:

The annual Thanksgiving Day Proclamation issued by the President of these United States is preeminently a religious document. However, the wording of the different proclamations may vary, they are all sharply characterized by two features:

FIRST. Our Chief Ruler makes a public profession of faith in the existence of a personal God and in the fact of our dependence upon Him by calling upon the nation to set aside one day in the year to render a special homage to Him in gratitude for His providential care of us.

SECOND. He officially recognizes the Divinity of Jesus Christ by using the common Christian formula: "in the year of OUR LORD."

What the religious belief or conviction of any individual President may be is a matter that hardly concerns us. What personal sincerity may be behind the words of the proclamations it is not for us to question or measure. The principal thing is that the President in his official capacity is obliged by custom to make annually a pronouncement embodying two leading truths of Christianity.

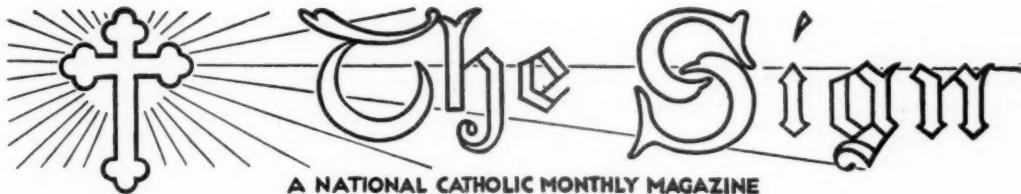
That such a proclamation is taken by the nation as a matter of course and accepted custom, that no serious efforts have ever been made to abrogate what is an avowedly Christian practice, is evident proof that the American people are a religious people and that their religion, is at least ostensibly, Christian.

We American Catholics have abundant reasons for thanking God. We are living in a land that ranks first in its material riches, where opportunities for self-improvement and self-betterment are within the reach of everyone, where—above all—religion is not ridiculed but respected, where God is not flouted but reverenced, where the right to worship God in our own way (or, better, in HIS way) is guaranteed us by our Christian Constitution.

Those among you who are familiar with the religious and political situation abroad must realize and should, accordingly, appreciate how highly favored we American Catholics are. But, apart altogether from the benefits of material and spiritual opportunity we enjoy in this country, we should ever be thankful to God for the great gift of the Faith which makes us Catholics!

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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No. 4

Current Fact and Comment

Our Happy (?) Dead

AT this drear season the poets grip us with the poignancy of their thoughts as they behold the "early leaf come slipping down" or "old doorstep flowers dyed rosy red" or as they overhear the "clamor of wild geese in the night desiring urgently their goal." And there are the kindred reflections on the swift passing of life and the will to believe that the dead survive in pleasant spheres with a vague, kindly regard for the living. Typical of such moods are the verses on "The Happy Dead" by Karle Wilson Baker in the October *Scribner's*, concluding in a vein of contrast:

I wish the dear and happy dead
Might reach me through the heavy noons
When, spent with cares for cloak and bread,
The spirit swoons;

But they would smother in that haze—
They wait beyond that cloudy din.
Their feet gleam down the quiet ways
I yet shall win.

Here we have witchery and the haunting wistfulness characteristic of the reverie. It is the glorification of desire disdaining any authentic motive for its consummation. As though it were happiness enough to swoon in the presence of the goal and expect some unknown, benevolent force to bear us safe beyond. Thus, also, another contemporary seer presents his hopeful vision of the human career foreshortened by the horizon:

For weariness is sleep, and all the dry
Burning and level deserts end in hills
That climb with cups of crystal to the sky.

Thus may our poets beguile us with fair vistas and ravishing phrases. But the diversion they afford is ephemeral, it leads us nowhere, so long as they are concerned only with the form of beauty and not the substance. The true poet has a message inspired by definite convictions. While he thrills the imagination, he also enlightens the understanding and moves the will to resolution. In

particular, he does not gratuitously assure us that all our dead are happy, or that happiness awaits all men promiscuously beyond the horizon. It may be useful to record here the distinction between a reverie and a meditation made by Fr. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.:

I remember visiting Cambridge one fine afternoon in August and lapsing into a reverie at one of the bridges at the "backs;" who could help it in such a scene of peace and loveliness? They were moments that I shall not forget, but not moments of choice and resolution. A reverie is not a practical thing. It does not determine to action, it throws no light on conduct, it begets no principle, it imparts no form to the will. . . . A meditation does all these things. . . . Only upon a dogmatic creed can you make a meditation.

Responding to the President's Appeal

WHEN the President, in his remarkable plea for religion as the remedy for the present flood of crime, stated that "the mere sharpening of the wits, the bare training of the intellect, the naked acquisition of science, while they would greatly increase the power for good, likewise increase the power for evil," he was but repeating the argument for religious instruction which the Catholic Church has constantly insisted upon. And when he added that "There is no form of education which will not fail, there is no form of government which will not fail, there is no form of reward which will not fail. Redemption must come through sacrifice, and sacrifice is the essence of religion," he was but stating the case for that moral training which the Church likewise insists is essential to education.

The explanation of the Church's constant criticism of secular education has become commonplace. It is mainly for what the public schools withhold from the youth of the land that she views them askance.

And when the President appealed to the clergy to exert their influence in remedying present

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conditions when "perils to the individual and society have increased manifold" and "temptations have been both multiplied and intensified," the Church could answer that such has ever been her aim in her program of education.

She is convinced that youth is the period during which our citizenry must be equipped with an enlightened conscience and armed with habits of restraint. The instruction she supplies has to do with the right interpretation of science and it furnishes the supernatural motives for self-restraint and the practical virtues. College years coincide with the rapid development of passion. The Apostle defines passion for us in the concrete; namely, "the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes and the pride of life."

The youth, issuing from college, faces life with an acquired momentum. His instructors are responsible for the character and direction of that momentum. The Church is convinced that much of our secular education is in irresponsible hands, that it presents youth with only a material outlook on life, obscuring, if not denying, the supernatural, the sole source of moral power and stability.

Among all those sincerely interested and willing to coöperate toward the perfection of society and a civilization stabilized by an enlightened faith why should the Church seem so singular with her idea of education by which she would forestall the evil agencies of error and temptation?

Pilgrims at the Holy Stairs

A WRITER in the *New York Times Magazine* has been observing the hosts who have journeyed to Rome this Summer and seems to discover that they have not all come in the spirit of pilgrims. He avers that thousands of non-devout visitors have deprived Rome of its tranquillity and have introduced an air of hustle and bustle in the Pantheon, the Coliseum, the Forum and the Catacombs.

But he describes one spot so holy in its associations as invariably to impart the spell of devotion upon the visitor—the Scala Santa or Holy Stair. This wonderful relic of the Passion of Christ is in charge of the Passionist Fathers who have undertaken to enshrine it within a suitable temple. We read:

But there are people who have sought Rome because it is Holy Year and not to see the sights. Go out to the Piazza di San Giovanni in Laterano and watch, for a half hour or an hour, the silent devotion of those who climb the Scala Santa, the Holy Steps. These people pray. They seem to be trying to come face to face with their God.

The Scala Santa consists of twenty-eight white

marble slabs, brought to Rome during the Crusades. They are believed to have been, originally, part of the Roman praetorium in Jerusalem, and, in fact, to have been the steps leading to the judgment seat of Pontius Pilate. These, it is said, are the very steps upon which Christ stood while Pilate considered His case. Waiting upon them He heard His doom pronounced. Thorn-crowned and tied with thongs, Christ is pictured as standing there silently before being led away to His death. These are sacred steps, therefore, and no one may ascend save upon his knees.

A few come here out of curiosity; the majority as pilgrims to a very holy shrine. The flight is full of slowly climbing worshippers who halt a long while on each step and make their prayers. The Scala Santa offers strange contrast to the shouting and turmoil of the streets. Here the crowd becomes individuals who cross themselves and mutter a prayer, while an expression of reverence overspreads their faces. No skepticism is apparent on the features of nun or peasant, Princess or Senator, who climbs the Holy Steps.

You turn to your companion as you leave the Scala Santa and ask, "Are you impressed?" "Yes," he says, slowly. "I am impressed. It is far more impressive than the Coliseum or the Forum, or anything that I have seen in Rome."

Preying on Latin Catholics

THE 108th annual report of the American Bible Society gives \$1,172,319. as the cost of the "great work" of issuing and distributing 7,101,289 bibles during 1924. This Society stands in line with other Protestant missionary societies appealing for support. Its special method of arousing sympathy and support is through the published communications from its evangelists and colporteurs. By these the people are represented as hungry for the word of life and deliberately deprived of the Gospel by the priests. This applies particularly to the distributing centres in Mexico and Central and South America.

We present a typical report from the field by which one worker aims to cheer the Home Board and stimulate contributions:

Priestly domination has openly checkmated the advance of this republic (Columbia) and is responsible for many revolutions. . . . A school teacher with a wife and family in a backward and fanatical province, feeling a heart-hunger which Masses in Latin could not satisfy, purchased a bible from a Bible Society agent for sixty cents, and he and his wife nourished their starving souls. He wrote exhilarating letters about his new-found freedom and joy. He ceased to attend Mass and joyfully bore witness to their friends of the liberty of the Gospel of Christ. . . . In the Roman Catholic Seminary where thirty young men were in preparation for the priesthood, a Greek and a Latin bible were the only ones in evidence. They were placed on special desks, but the students did not possess bibles or study them as text books. Is it strange that many thousands in Columbia and in all South America beckon to Evangelical Christians, "Come over and help"?

It is a strange quality of truth and charity these zealots themselves derive from the perusal of the

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Gospel of Christ. Else they would fairly put the blame for revolutions and retarded progress not upon the Church but upon the fraternities made up of selfish and godless individuals who obstruct the Church and throttle the institutions by which she would foster an efficient priesthood and provide for the social and intellectual advancement of the people.

Incidentally we cannot reconcile all this solicitude for "priestridden" peoples with the thrift revealed in bible traffic. According to the figures presented either there is an enormous overhead absorbing the profits or the benighted people pay well for having their spiritual hunger satisfied.

The total result of years of misrepresentation, of cajoling and of distribution of bibles has been the rounding up of some simple folk and malcontents into meagre and widely scattered congregations. The misrepresentation consists in assuring these people that under their old faith and its priesthood they are the victims of delusions and imposture and that in the Bible alone they can find true freedom and happiness. It is pitiable to contemplate these souls diverted from their faith and from the divinely sanctioned channels of grace that would support them in trial and temptation. In exchange they receive this vague thing called "the freedom of the Gospel"—the distorted type of Christianity that prevails largely among our own rural population, distinguished by the irreverent as the "Bible Belt." We should compare this evangelical system, in its methods and fruits, with that by which millions were converted from paganism in these lands and imbued with a lively faith which still survives after centuries and is the supreme motive of life and conduct in so far as malignant influences have not subsequently intervened.

Concerning that benighted seminary, like any Catholic seminary, the method of study was not based on the Bible in hand. Catholic theology is the pith of the Bible in dogma, precept and counsel, —the crystallized experience of centuries. Concerning the Bible as a devotional medium, the seminarian, in his daily recitation of the Divine Office, is familiarized adequately with the devotional content of that sacred book.

Our Famine Appeal

WE consider the mailing list of our subscribers an effective medium of reaching the best sort of people with a deserving appeal for charity. It is evident that a positive interest in Catholic literature will distinguish those most susceptible to such appeals.

But we take this occasion to assure our subscribers that it is not our purpose so to make use of this medium regularly.

Recently we suddenly found ourselves the intermediaries between a people in the throes of starvation and those who had the means and abundant good will to succor them upon being reliably informed of their acute distress. We did not hesitate to describe the conditions and place the appeal before our subscribers personally.

If we harbored any fear that in this method of appeal we might be imposing upon the good will of our friends, we were reassured by the immediate and generous response.

We repeat that only under such rare circumstances when we judge that the urgency and merits of the cause will evoke the spontaneous interest of good people will such direct appeal be made.

Ordinarily the pages of **THE SIGN** will be the medium by which we will chronicle the labors, sacrifices, plans and ambitions of the Fathers and Sisters striving to bring the benighted people of Hunan to the knowledge of the Crucified. We trust such narrative will supply inspiration for many voluntarily and generously to support the missionaries, and that by thus co-operating in their ministry, they may share in their reward.

Growth of the Lay-Retreat Movement

WE find this resolution among those adopted by the 69th General Convention of the Catholic Central Verein of America:

During the past year Laymen's Retreats received a new impetus from the announcements of the Hierarchy of our country favoring this salutary practice. Moreover, a number of new Retreat Houses were thrown open recently, where week-end retreats are conducted throughout the year, attended by an ever increasing number of men. They come not merely singly, but also in groups, consisting of members of an individual parish or society. Since the C. V. was the first American society to recommend the retreat movement, we again wish to call attention to this beneficial means of renewing the spiritual life, and earnestly urge our members to avail themselves of the opportunity to participate in a retreat and zealously to promote the cause of Laymen's Retreats.

The lay-retreat movement is not of the ephemeral order. It is making steady progress throughout the country. Such progress can be accounted for and the stability of the movement is assured on sound intrinsic motives.

In most cases it is difficult to present these motives in their full force to the prospective retreatant absorbed in worldly affairs and loathe to suspend his attention to them even over one week-end in a

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year. It is experience that tells. When, after yielding to the persuasion of a priest or some other friend, or to the inspiration of his own heart, a man actually enters upon the exercises of a retreat, only then is the significance of those motives fully revealed to him. Having experienced this revelation and the wholesome spiritual refreshment, he does not have to be urged to return in due course. He himself becomes an apostle of the movement.

The lay-retreat movement must thrive because it introduces even the most indifferent and worldly minded to an experience that is peculiarly satisfying. This is only what we should expect of the grace of God and the consoling operation of the Holy Ghost applied to the soul of saint or sinner without hindrance, as they are in the quiet hours and spiritually thrilling environment of the retreat.

The Ergo of Statistics

FALLACY lurks in most arguments from statistics. For example, figures are regularly quoted to prove that more people now own their own homes and cars since the Volstead law became operative. This sounds impressive until we are assured that the prosperity thus indicated is shared in largely by those variously engaged in the illegitimate liquor traffic.

A city assessor with intimate knowledge of his departmental affairs called our attention to a modern apartment house and informed us that of the twenty-nine families occupying it twenty-seven had automobiles with their rent in arrears. The two autoless families had their rent paid.

Draw your own conclusions.

The King of Society

SOON we may expect to find in our ecclesiastical calendars the feast of the Kingship of Jesus Christ.

Over six hundred Bishops, Archbishops and Cardinals, besides the Superiors of religious orders, having signed a petition for the institution of such a feast, the Sacred Congregation of Rites at a recent meeting considered the concession and approbation of a Mass and Office appropriate to the festival. The Holy Father will shortly issue an encyclical on the subject and will make the closing exercises of the Holy Year especially impressive by proclaiming, on that occasion, the new feast of Jesus Christ, Universal King of Society.

The sanction for this feast is found in the revelations of the Sacred Heart of Christ Himself. It should be remembered that the promises of the Divine Heart concerned not the salvation of the individual alone, but also, and explicitly, that of

all nations conditionally upon their recognition of that Heart as the source of all true blessings.

How opportune such a proclamation! How startling to many its claiming such a prerogative for Jesus of Nazareth! Yet we hope that it will be the occasion of many discovering and conceding the truth of that claim—those who may be instrumental in restoring order and true peace to society. And who can measure the advantage to the nations, disturbed as never before by mighty forces of evil, when God's mercy is moved and His graces flow in response to the Masses that are offered and the supplications of priests and people yearly on this day in the name of Him Who commanded of old: "Render to Ceasar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's"?

* * * *

At the aforesaid meeting the Sacred Congregation of Rites had also under consideration the Mass and Office of Blessed Vincent Strambi, Passionist, recently beatified.

The Cathedral of Catholicity

WE presume that many of our readers as Holy Year pilgrims gazed for the first time upon the world's greatest and most splendid temple—St. Peter's at Rome. They needed not the critical eye of the connoisseur in order to be impressed with the unity and harmony of its vast proportions.

But the casual visitor to St. Peter's may be inclined to agree with the observation, commonly heard, that one cannot pray there. Visitors contrast their devotional experiences there with the fervor and spontaneity of their prayers and colloquies with our Lord in more humble chapels at home. This observation is apt to spring from an inadequate notion of prayer. The ordinary personal colloquy with our Lord is but one form of it. There are other forms of devotion and worship and elevation of the soul to God as a writer in *The Dublin Review* reminds us:

St. Peter's has not the intimacy of a private oratory, nor does it convey the sense of personal contact with the mysteries of the faith that characterizes the atmosphere of a medieval cathedral. But it offers us another aspect of the Catholic spirit; it encourages and embraces the simultaneous and collective worship of a vast body of men, no longer an assembly of individuals fortuitously gathered together for their own ends, but a great society with a real life apart from the separate existence of its individual members, and a power of collective expression outside their private hopes and desires. The true greatness of St. Peter's as a place of worship can be realized to the full only on great ceremonial occasions. On any one of the great feasts of this year, when a hundred thousand people of all nations are said to pass through the church, the question whether it is possible to pray in St. Peter's is answered once for all.

Jesus' Sanhedrite Friends

Gabriel Miro's Figures of the Passion

By CHARLES E. HODSON



E were lately fortunate enough to obtain Gabriel Mirò's *Figueras de la Pasión del Señor*, beautifully executed in two small volumes by E. Domenech of Barcelona. There are thirteen short sketches. Of course it is best to read any work in the original, though this is by no means easy reading. For those who can not grapple with Spanish, an English edition has recently appeared.

We will here give a portion of one of the vignettes, warning the reader that the mode of treatment may be *novel*, even startling, to him.

We are introduced to Joseph of Arimathea, wandering about his grounds, admiring his irrigated corn land, his fruit trees, and his bees. He passes to his tree-shaded garden, feeling a certain melancholy; the bay-trees and myrtles, the cypresses and willows had a silence as though they were watching, listening, expecting. Amidst a dense clump of shrubs he sensed the chill of his sepulchre. He meditated at its rough narrow porch, gazing on the slab of jasper in the center on which his body, wrapt in cloths steeped in perfume would be sometime laid by mere hired mourners.

Approaching his quiet classic house, enbosomed by orange-trees and laurels, he bent his fine bared head over the roses of a woman who had sinned, and whom an elect Man had pardoned.

"Joseph had received her from the Rabbi's hands, and placed her in his country place in the Perea, whence she had sent him the rose-bushes, saying: 'They are the finest in my garden; I looked for thirteen different varieties and for thirteen distinct perfumes, as there are thirteen scents in the most holy brazier. May they flourish in your land. I dedicate their fragrance to the Rabbi and to you in token of my gratitude.'

"He turned, hearing a step, and beheld a tall hastening figure, the face concealed by a brown hood, who called out from the distance:

"I have heard the ruin of Jesus! They suspect us. Some servants of Kaifas followed me; but I got rid of them with some shekels..."

There follows a detailed account of the appearance and conversation of the two friends, and of the apartment to which the proprietor conducts his visitor. Nicodemus is described as "erect, bony, and ardent, both in speech and action; a man of vast possessions, the envy of the wealthy Sadducees." The elder, Joseph, tried to calm his impetuosity; but the other brushed aside cushions and refreshments, going to the road, raising his hands violently and, with rage on his face, exclaimed:

"They will kill Him! One of His people sold Him; I saw it; I heard his proposal, and I did not smash the villain's mouth!"

The other murmured coldly that he would prevent it, hiding Him in his Arimathea. But Nicodemus roared:

"I can buy thirty cohorts; I can buy the whole of Galilee. I can take Him to my house at Jericho... I can do everything but understand Him! I love and believe in Him without understanding Him, as a child loves and trusts his father!"

These thoughts are amplified at length, Nicodemus blazing with ardor, the other mildly dissuasive.

"Why should they hate the Rabbi Jeschoua?" raged he.

"They hate Him because he knows how to pardon," replied the old man, smiling sadly. "To do good with a pure soul is casting too strong a light on the vileness of others."

Nicodemus roared out excitedly:

"You speak like Gamaliel, who always says of the Rabbi: 'The poor man!' But I am able to save

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Him who inspires your compassion; and I will save Him!"

He saw himself entering the city, all bending before him in reverence, acclaiming the Rabbi, pouring out his wealth to Kaifas, to the Sanhedrin guards, the Temple minstrels bowing humbly to him....

* * * * *

Joseph, leaning on his staff, listened to a stout grey-bearded man. Weeping, the latter kissed Joseph's hand, saying:

"I have been the worst of them all, worse than Judas, worse than the High Priest! The Rabbi is hanging on a cross! Joseph! Joseph!"

Joseph said: "This is the father of the family where Jesus ate the Passover.... He brought me the cup from which He drank."

Nicodemus groaned: "I did not spit in the Priest's face; I did not throttle the disciple who sold Him! I could buy up all Jerusalem... yet the Rabbi hangs on a cross!"

Joseph, motionless, heard the clamor of the mob at Golgotha, and said:

"Let us go to the hill where He is."

"I, to see Him die!" babbled Nicodemus.

"You and I. I will beg His body from Pilate. I will guard Him dead Whom I did not know how to guard living. You, Nicodemus, who didst wish to buy up all Jerusalem, buy spices for the body."

Then follow several pages of description of the druggist and his wares. Nicodemus purchased a hundred pounds weight of myrrh and aloes, telling the man to take them to Joseph's garden.

We come to the scene of the crucifixion, which shall be given as we best can render it from our author's description:

"A rabbin from the School of Jamnia with the two scribes, relators of the cause of Jesus, passed slowly between the crosses, ever pausing by that of the Lord, to observe His look and to hear His plaint. The convulsion of a new pain fixed their attention. Then, a rapid analgesia sweetened the face of the Rabbi, and they went to another cross. Gestas spit a slaver of blood at them, which trickled down his jaw, blackening his livid face. He threw back his head, seeking the support of the beam, for it was a 'T' shaped cross. His crusted tongue appeared and, forcing it through his foamy lips, he cried:

"'Rabbi... Rabbi!'—Sobbing, he paused—'Rabbi... As Your Father does not come to save You, rub (*chafate*) your head!' (Derisive)

"The crowd applauded him.

"Joseph and Nicodemus were talking with a group of disciples.

"Lazarus joined them, his emaciation astonishing his brethren. He said to Joseph:

"My house was His protection, and He left it for Gethsemani. My entreaties and your advice were in vain...!"

"He ceased, for Her voice reached them.

"The Mother wished to go; and they surrounded Her, stopping Her.

"A guard sought the sponge with which the executioners wash themselves; he soaked it in the vinegar and water, fixed it on a dry hyssop, and placed it to the Rabbi's lips.

"Mary Cleophas stood by the cross.

"Salomé murmured:

"'We must go. The Lord asked us to by His glance...' Turning to Nicodemus, she added: 'Here is my son John. He does not wish to leave Him alone, abandoned to the insults of the people...'

"Mary of Magdala stammered on the shoulder of the Sanhedrite:

"The Lord will not live so long as the others; His side swells. At first He spoke more. He entrusted His Mother to the disciple; then He groaned in anguish: 'My God, why have You abandoned Me?'"

"Weeping, Mary gazed aloft.

"Salomé continued: 'He refused the wine of mercy which the wife of Elisama brought Him.'

"Nicodemus turned to the lady, abasing himself before her, saying:

"'You were braver than we. Praised be your sons!'

"Salomé interrupted him:

"'My son covered the nakedness of the Master with a piece of Her cloak which the poor Mother tore off.'

"She, the Lord's Mother, prostrate on the rock, gazed fixedly at the cross.

"Salomé was silent. The scribes and the jurist of Jamnia approached, saluting Nicodemus and the man of Arimathea with a smile.

"Impetuous in his sadness, Nicodemus brushed them aside, and ran to the Lord crying:

"'Rabbi Jeschoua, Rabbi; I do not abandon you, Rabbi!'

"His speech, his fervor, his generous vehemence waned in face of the terror and pity caused by the ferocity of the suffering. It was no longer the Rabbi Jeschoua! His body resembled viscous clay, with blue stars of the distorted arteries, with coagulations torn from the flagellated shoulder. An oily sweat oozes from the armpits, from the kidneys, from the thighs; His bruised neck joined to His swollen, soft, pallid jaws palpates horribly; the temples are crushed, and their hollows connect with the eye-sockets; the red forehead projects, and the damp line of the panting nose, powdered with a floury yellow. The lips, flaccid, livid, with venous

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leafage, work over the scab of the teeth, and His troubled gaze, coagulated in a tear, is lost between the livid lids. . . The Agony of the Lord. The Agony of the crucified, suffering the bitterness of ill deaths. Pain of the burden of the breaking up of the meninges, of the heart, of the aorta, of the lungs which scarce act, clogged with clotted blood. The arteries, the bearers of the sweetness of life, become like ropes. The traumatic fever induces a parching thirst, the entire body seems all tongue to taste it. The crucified endures all pains: the pain of that gloomy vibrating palpitation, of the sharp clawing pain of the head; pain of the stabbing, gnawing, rending of all the viscera; pain of weight, of the crushing of embolism, of the dislocation of the vertebrae, of the distended thighs, of the torn nerves. The condemned sees Himself surrounded to the height of sensibility, motionless, fixed on the seat (*sedila*), the horn, which gangrenes His buttocks, the quiet of death, which aids in His consuming (*devoración*). From all the entrails, deceived by the immobility, flows death. And He sees it!

"John calls to the Mother of the Lord. And all the group prostrates itself, gathered beneath the cross. The Mother remains erect, rigid, exalted, regarding Her Son. Joseph is at Her side.

"Jesus was in His agony. His head rolled about, fainting. One could see the anguish of His breathing, from the waist to the gullet. His hardened lungs crackled. The soft swollen pleura trembled; His hoarse hissing broke from Him in prostration; then the flies buzzed about His eyes, His nose, in His ears, in the wounds of the nails.

"He turned, panting, the nod of asphyxia; His hair folded, fell, blinded Him, rose; His breathing became deep, prolonged. He moaned, smothering. His glazed pupils implored the heavens; turned to the earth. . .

"Jesus was alone. The Father had forsaken Him. Jesus must endure the human solitude of death. On earth not even love could conquer the agony of the Beloved.

"He who dies is alone. From God to the creature it was a transition of resignation, of simplicity, of piety. From man to God, the way was blind, desert, without earth, without heaven; Jesus, alone.

"All Calvary was charged with His anguish. The panting agony of the Lord prevailed above the roaring of Genas and Gestas, above the murmur of the multitude. The cry of the rending of all His life sounded; His silence was felt, the silence of His breast, motionless, disjointed, raised, hard, metallic; the head hung toward the rock; the cross trembled with the weight of the body which had slid from the seat, and seemed about to fall from

the nails. The Mother even awaited another palpitation from Her Son's side.

"A guard twisted a cord, binding Him to the wood.

"Joseph approached the centurion, showing him Pilate's written order for the body of Jeschoua of Nazareth.

"The other crucified men howled beneath the blows of the clubs which broke their legs and haunches, their ribs and elbows; it was the punishment of the breaking of the bones, which hastened death.

"A shower scented with spring fell. The foliage of the gardens rustled, moved by a dust-storm.

"The multitude dispersed, satiated.

* * * * *

"Joseph and Nicodemus gazed on the night from the roof.

"It was profoundly beautiful.

"The hill of the execution slept pale, gracious, clear-cut against the walls. The city stood out limpid, innocent, like a garden of lilies, crowned with the sweet lights of the roof of the Sanctuary and of the towers. On each cupola was a glint of the moon.

"Joseph's garden exhaled the perfume of citrons and oranges. The nightingales sang, and their arpeggios seemed to glide over the rock of the sepulchre.

"The old sanhedrite was oppressed by tender heart-sickness, by an emotion of eternity. He wished to retire to rest.

"A woman came to them clothed in linen and moon-like gauze, like an exhalation from the purity of her love and of her flesh.

"'I promised to kiss the Lord's sandals,' she stammered, 'when my roses budded! Look at the roses in my lap; and now I can not give them!'

"Joseph opened the coffin of amber and olive-wood, and took out the chalice of Jesus' supper. He felt his very being tremble, all pressing devoutly to his fingers.

"Sobbing, the woman prostrated herself, her roses falling on the carpet.

"The man of Arimathea raised the agate chalice like a glowing flower.

"A wasted man in a white tunic and a light red mantle, appeared.

"Nicodemus embraced him, groaning: 'Gamaliel! Gamaliel!'

"Gamaliel sat down in the room, fronting the open window. He saw a blue palpitating light rising above the peaks of the two cypresses at the sepulchre; and he sighed: 'The poor man!'

A Return Visit

The Prudence of the Dove

By B. J. MURDOCH.

HE doorbell sounded, a quick loud ring that somewhat startled the young pastor seated in the office reading his Breviary. He partly closed the book, keeping his finger between the pages, and stood up, his lips moving in prayer as he went to the door. But before he reached the door, the bell again rang sharply.

When the priest opened wide the door, there stood before him a young man wearing a long brown overcoat, shoes that were too large for him, and an old military cap that was too small. His eyes blinked two or three times and his mouth opened and closed once or twice before he began to speak.

"Father" he said "my mother wants you to bring her up Communion just as soon as you can. She aint feelin' well, Father, but she's able to get around a little for an hour or two each day."

"Is she in danger of death?" asked the young priest.

"Oh no Father she's just kinda sick, her stomach aint very good and she gets weak Father, kinda weak."

"Well" said the priest "tell her I'll be up tomorrow morning."

"Alright Father" said the man preparing to move off, but he was motioned not to go.

"What are you doing now?" asked the priest.

"Who, me, Father? I'm gettin ready to cut ties. There's a lota good ties on our wood lot and I am goin to cut them."

"I would advise you to start soon." said the priest.

"Yes Father, yes Father," said the man as he left.

The young priest returned to his office and wearily continued the reading of his Breviary. Now and then he was distracted, but after a little while he finished. He closed the book, his lips moving in prayer for a few seconds, then he blessed himself, and sat for a time meditating. Yet his meditations were not peaceful; for every little while puzzled expression puckered his brow and caused him to raise somewhat troubled eyes towards the ceiling.

This was his first parish and he had been or-

dained only two years. The parish was one of many in a widely scattered diocese where priests were scarce. His nearest confrére was about nine miles distant.

All during his seminary days the young student had looked forward to the time of his priesthood when he would labor in the Vineyard of the Lord, "spending and being spent" for the Master he so loved. And often while kneeling in the evening time before the Tabernacle he had prayed our Lord to make him a good priest, gentle, patient and kind with the people. He had fervently renewed his prayer on the great day of his ordination. But now, after only a few months in his first parish he was often puzzled and sorely tried.

Older priests had warned him not to be too easy; it was good, they said, to be kind, but then one must not be too kind; there were always some to take advantage; one must be prudent.

At times however he found it very hard to adjust his ideas; the idea of spending and being spent for Christ often seemed to conflict with his idea of being prudent.

HERE for instance was a case in point. The young man had come to ask him to take Holy Communion to his mother. The priest had been asked to come with his own horse. Now the rule throughout the diocese was that people needing the ministrations of the priest should have him brought to them either by their relations or friends. Once the priest began taking his own horse some would take advantage of this by calling him on the slightest pretext. But the young pastor thought he had acted prudently. These people were very poor, indeed the poorest in the parish, they had no horse, and lived three miles from the nearest neighbor who had one. The woman was not in danger of death and as this was a very busy season, potato planting time, the nearest neighbor might with good reason refuse to go. So the young priest thought it was wise for him to go with his own horse. Yet later as he sat in his office he wondered if it were wise for him to offer to take his own horse. He might have told the young man to go to work, earn enough to hire a horse and then come for him.

So he sat somewhat puzzled till he remembered a conversation he had had with a saintly old priest.

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The old pastor had reminded him that although one must be prudent, yet it was much easier to fail in God's ministry by being too severe than by being too kind. A light spread over the face of the young pastor and he went to other duties.

THE following morning after Mass he left with his own horse and man for his nine mile visit. They went forward in silence, the young pastor holding his right hand over his left breast where reposed in the little golden pyx, The Living Bread.

The road was rough in places and their progress was slow. The last three miles leading first through hardwoods and then through spruce and pine trees, was extremely rough; at times a wheel would sink into a deep rut or rise on the exposed root of a tree. They could not trot here.

It was about half past ten when they came into the little clearance pierced with tree stumps, and halted before the low log house. Everything was silent about the place. The yard seemed deserted. The dog that always loudly barked at strangers was absent.

The door of the little house opened cautiously as the priest drew near, and the little old woman peeped out, her hand shading her weak eyes. She started when she saw the priest "Oh Father" she said "I didn't know you were coming to-day and I've eaten my breakfast."

A look of consternation came quickly into the eyes of the young priest. Then without saying a word he turned and walked slowly to the wagon. Without looking back he left on his return journey.

That night the young pastor sat again in his office sorely puzzled, and perhaps a wee bit discouraged. He felt that he did not know his people and that he must be more strict. He should have impressed the young man more with the importance of the priest's visit, and he should have insisted on him remembering the hour. Yet as the young pastor continued to think, he wondered how it was that the young man had forgotten.

A quick sharp ring sounded from the door bell, and the young pastor with a little nervous gesture went to answer the door.

It was a rather surly old man who watched the bridge at Herring Cove not more than a quarter of a mile distant. He came to speak to the priest about the children. They bothered him quite a lot, especially in the evening time when he was trying to prepare his supper. He lived alone in a little shanty on the opposite side of the bridge and he was obliged often to run to his window thinking he heard a horse come galloping onto the bridge from the opposite side, only to find when he got there that it was a number of the children from the

parish galloping like horses in order to tease the bridgeman. It was his chief duty to see that no horse trotted over the bridge.

The priest promised to see the children. Yet after the man had gone he began to wonder why he had come to him. Then he thought that in time the bridgeman might be able to distinguish the sound of children's feet and that of trotting or galloping horses. Then when the children tried to bother him there would be no need to notice them and after a while they would cease to tease him. So he decided not to say anything to those boys and girls.

He sat for a while in silence, smiling a little as he thought of the old bridgeman and the childish pranks that were being played on him.

Presently he stopped smiling and began again to think of the old woman far away in the woods. Perhaps he should have stopped a little while to talk with her. It had not occurred to him at the time. He knew the rule that one must keep silence while carrying the Blessed Sacrament. He had been so surprised by her assertion, that the one thought uppermost in his mind was that he must return with the Blessed Sacrament. He wondered if the young man would come back again.

As the young priest prepared to retire he wondered if ever he would act prudently.

THE following morning after Mass as he was leaving the church, he suddenly stopped in great surprise, for, coming towards him was a little, bent, old woman that he seemed to recognize. She shaded her eyes with her hand as she looked up at him.

"Ah Father dear," she said "am I too late to go to Communion."

Quickly he assured her that she was not, Mass was finished but it would be very easy for him to give her Communion.

"Ah thank God" fervently said the little, old woman as in a preoccupied manner she looked at her small wrinkled hands that were crossed with long red scratches. "Yesterday" she continued "our Lord came nine miles to visit me and I was not ready to receive Him, so I made up my mind that I would if I could, come nine miles to visit Him. I've come" she said while a light came into her dim old eyes, "every bit of the way on foot. I left home at half-past four. The branches of the trees scratched my hands but, thank God, I got here."

A wonderful light came into the clear boyish eyes of the young priest. "Oh what faith," he said mentally. Then he asked the old woman to go into the church.

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In a little while he had heard her confession and given her Holy Communion.

ABOUT ten o'clock that morning the priest's horse set out again for the little log cabin. This time there sat in the wagon with the driver a happy little old woman. In the back of the wagon under the seat were stowed some bottles of jams, etc. Before the wagon disappeared from view, round a turn in the road, the young pastor, who was walking on the verandah reading his Breviary,

stopped for a few seconds and looked after it. There was a very happy light in his eye and presently there came something else to his eye, and rolled down his cheek.

"God bless the people" said he warmly and then he said a little prayer that was reminiscent of his student days and the great day of his ordination. He prayed our Lord to make him a good priest, gentle, patient and kind with the people.

Perhaps it may seem strange yet it is true—the young priest did not add 'and prudent'.

Communicating With the Departed

WHAT Catholic Faith defines regarding communication with the departed is, of course, based upon revelation. But it is further confirmed by its consistency with reverent notions concerning the sanctity and justice of Almighty God. There is no concession to idle curiosity nor even to affectionate solicitude as to the definite whereabouts or manner of existence of the dead. It suffices that by our prayers and sacrifices we can hasten their union with God, their last end, and that our brethren of the triumphant Church hear our prayers that we, too, may attain to that same blessed goal.

Of all this we are reminded by a writer in the *Dublin Review* who explains why Catholics must reject the reputed phenomena of Psychical Research and why the Church cannot consider Spiritism an ally in proving the survival of the soul after death. The reason for such rejection may be found in what Spiritism stands for dogmatically, in the absurd and naturalistic system which is part and parcel with its purported proofs of survival. After quoting Feda, the spirit, in Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond*: "A chap came over the other day and would have a cigar. There are laboratories over here, and they manufacture all sorts of things out of essences, and ethers and gases. . . . Don't think I am stretching it when I tell you that they can manufacture even whisky sodas" and declaring that instances could be multiplied from current spiritistic literature, the writer continues:

"But taking spiritistic teaching at what Spiritists would consider its best, and treating it as a serious, consistent system of doctrine, we say delib-

erately that it stands in direct opposition to Christianity. Supernatural grace, the fall, sin, the Redemption, repentance, heaven and hell—all these are fundamental to Christianity. Spiritism repudiates them all. It has no definite knowledge of God. To it, as to our poor mortal agnostics, God is the Great Unknown. It denies the divinity of Christ, the prerogatives of the Church, the supernatural efficacy of the Sacraments, the powers of the Christian Priesthood and, with particular insistence, the Church's teaching as to "Satan and the wicked spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of souls." At death the destiny of the human soul is by no means determined for ever, as the Church teaches, but regardless of its beliefs or deeds during life it enters upon a course of training or progress which is indefinitely prolonged in the spirit world.

The naturalistic ethics of Spiritism are abhorrent to the Church, and she has no use for its tainted witness."

LET us, rather, introduce here a witness from the fourth century, St. Ephrem:

"I now wish, brethren, to forewarn and exhort you, and to have it firmly settled that, after my departure, you make a commemoration of me, according to custom, in your prayers. Do not, I beseech you, bury me with perfumes. . . Give them not to me, but to God; but me that was conceived in sorrows bury with lamentations; and instead of a sweet odor and perfumes, assists me, I entreat you, with your prayers, always remembering me in them. And in your prayers vouchsafe to make the customary oblations for my shortcomings. . . for the dead are benefited in oblations of commemoration by the living saints."

Categorica

Set Forth in News and Opinions

Edited by N. M. LAW

SKIN-DEEP

A tragic reflection upon the transitory nature of beauty by an imaginative writer in the New York Sun:

Patrolmen Schmidt, Bruntz, Goggenheim, Murphy, Taylor, Hannahan and O'Brien and Detectives Lowenfaff, Glitz, Shanks, Morris, Blootz, and Fisher bounded up the nineteen floors and into the Apartment B-2678.

"What's been going on here?" they asked in unison as they beheld the dead man on the floor and the woman shrinking in a corner, still fingering a smoking revolver.

"Somebody killed!" they concluded unanimously as they bent over the body a moment later.

"Good!" exclaimed the woman, rising and drawing herself to her full height. "I'm glad. He deserved it."

* * *

"Who was this man?" asked the thirteen officers.

"My husband," she added. "He just told me to fix myself up. He said I looked a sight!"

"And who are you?"

"I'm the lady who won the Miss America contest at Atlantic City seven years ago," she replied with a groan that spoke volumes.

LUCK?

Ray Long in the *International* asks the question, Just How Much Do You Believe in Luck? He answers with this story:

This isn't my story. It was told to me by Channing Pollock. I find it so interesting a proof of one of my beliefs that I pass it on to you in his words.

"Once upon a time," said Channing, "Renold Wolf and I wrote a musical comedy, called 'The Beauty Shop,' for Raymond Hitchcock. The day we were to open in Detroit, Hitchy's voice left him for parts unknown.

"A gloomy quintette—actor, managers, and authors—we sat in the grill of the old Hotel Ponchartrain, listening to George Cohan tell of a man who came before the curtain, under similar circumstances, and announced: 'Tonight's performance will not be performed, but will be repeated tomorrow night.'

"At this juncture our pleasant, middle-aged waiter observed distinctly that he thought he could restore Hitchy's voice in fifteen or twenty minutes.

"Having been told to 'Go to it!' he disappeared. He came back later with an agreeable concoction that did its work with sufficient thoroughness and promptness to make possible that evening the first public recital of the afterward famous aria, 'All Dressed Up and No Place to Go.'

"Naturally, the five of us were grateful and astonished. 'Where did you learn that?' gasped Sam Harris.

"At John Hopkins," answered the waiter. "I studied medicine three years."

"Why didn't you graduate?" I asked.

"Hadn't the money. Sir Henry Irving came along, and I went with him as a courier and secretary. I know every railway, route, and hotel in Europe."

"And—languages?"

"'Gewiss!' smiled the waiter. 'Cinco! Dalla mia giovinanza! Mais toutes les langues courrament!'

And, having replied in four tongues that he spoke five, our far-from-dumb old servitor returned to the pantry.

"What a find!" exclaimed Hitchy. "From now on, that courier cours for me!"

"Meaning?"

"That I am going to take Number Eleven from his palatial residence at the Ponchartrain!"

"I wouldn't," said Sam Harris.

"Why not?"

"He knows too much. When a fellow can do all those things and remains a waiter, there's a reason!"

"Bad luck!"

"There isn't that much bad luck—not enough to stand up against all those qualifications! Luck may be five percent of life, but the other ninety-five percent—which is what's in the man—always decides the outcome. I've met thousands of people, everywhere, in every walk of life, and I never knew one who got much more or less than he deserved. When a chap knows medicine and Europe and five languages, and still is a waiter, something's wrong!"

We paid our check and hunted up the manager.

"Number Eleven?" inquired Sam. "Know anything about him? He seems rather above his station."

"Yes," answered the manager. "He's a bright fellow, and we've spent a good deal of money trying to give him a chance. He's well educated, and he was a courier for Sir Henry Irving, but you see—he takes dope!"

And there you are. I believe with Sam Harris that most folks get in this world just about what they deserve to get, and I agree with him that this story proves it.

SECOND-BEST POEMS

This is from an interesting London Literary Letter sent to *The Outlook* by C. Lewis Hind:

At a luncheon party I sat next to a publisher (a woman), and the conversation, after many false scents, started on popular poetry as opposed to great poetry, and some one quoted the lines that have gone round the English-speaking world:

There was a Knight of Bethlehem
Whose wealth was tears and sorrows.
His men-at-arms were little lambs,
His trumpeters were sparrows.
His castle was a wooden cross,
Whereon He hung so high;
His helmet was a crown of thorns
Whose crest did reach the sky.

"Who wrote that?" asked the publisher.

I took my note-book, a hand span high, from my pocket, turned the pages, and replied: "The author was Henry Neville Maugham. It's from his 'The Husband of Poverty.'"

"Perhaps you can tell me," the astonished publisher said, "who wrote,

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind:
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."

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"Yes," I answered, "that's in another of my note-books. It's from a hymn by Faber. It will probably go into my anthology of 'One Hundred Second-Best Poems.'"

"Explain, please," murmured the publisher. She is a woman, I have already said. A male publisher would not talk like that.

"Oh, it's simple enough," I said. "Ever since I was a youth I have carried a note-book with me. On the left side I write an austere diary; on the right I paste verse and prose cuttings that interest and move me. I must have half a hundred such note-books. Hardly any of the poems pasted in them get into anthologies. They are usually heart cries, often by amateurs; the kind of poems that thousands of people cut out from journals, keep, and show to their intimates—poems like 'I have lived and I have loved,' 'God and I in space alone,' 'They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old,' 'The Little Gray Mule,' and 'Lean Hard.' These poems go round the world. Year after year you see inquiries in the lesser literary papers about the correct text of them and the names of the authors."

ASINO ITALIANO

Some of our Readers who made the pilgrimage to Rome may have had an experience similar to that of a contributor to *The Atlantic Monthly*:

If you have ever been in Rome and done as Romans do, you have visited Frascati in the spring. If you have done as only misguided Americans do, you have explored the hills of Frascati on donkey-back.

You must see the countryside on donkey-back," said the concierge, who spoke perfect English and was not to be set aside. He had his way with us, and one fine morning three donkeys were demurely waiting when we had finished our breakfast and wiped away the last vestige of our panicciuolo.

Fragella, being lithe and airy, mounted the sleek and slender black beast and went floating off like a piquant equestrian monkey. Mrs. S.—chose the solid brown one with no show of nonsense about him, and was boosted to her saddle by the perspiring muleteer after a panting moment or two.

I had been eying my beast with interest while the others mounted. There was an elusive something about him that suggested Deacon R.—of the church back home. He was gray, and the mournful rings about his eyes and his bowed head gave me a feeling that he was going merely from a sense of duty. I was rather offended. I mounted, however, and the Deacon bore me along sedately enough, in the rear of the train, for a quarter of a mile or so.

I was too much enchanted by his harness to relish the countryside through which we were passing. He was equipped, after the graceful and informal manner of the Italian, in whatever of strength and flexibility had been left lying about in his stableyard by the inevitable law of change and decay. Given a corset lace, a scrap of chain, a bit of lead pipe, and a thong or two of leather, and lo! the ingenuous Italian will produce a harness.

The Deacon was as oblivious of my feeble attempts at guidance as his counterpart is of the voice of the Devil. He clung, with what I could not but consider uncalled-for persistence, to the extreme left of the road, and refused to deviate one inch in spite of my passionate pullings.

I tried by the method of disregard to ease myself of the uncanny consciousness of a twenty-foot drop at one side of the road. I even found myself repeating, 'Sure-footed-as a-mule—sure-footed-as a-mule,' to the rhythm of the donkey's gait.

Presently we approached a little incidental side-path slipping away from the main road. Then it was that the Deacon became himself and threw aside his mantle of piety. He threw up his head with a magnificent gesture of self-respect and went leaping down, down, down, in quick syncopated time, with me clinging firmly to his ears, trying to maintain an air of balanced non-chalance. He stopped suddenly, sending me sliding up about his collar of garden hose, and, ducking his head without humility, began a placid grazing in the green, green grass of the Roman Campagna.

The muleteer came flying after and tried to recall my friend to a sense of duty, but he had done with pretense and went back to the road only because he had to, switching his tail with a terrible sincerity.

Then Mrs. S.—'s donkey developed a touch of the play spirit. He began to amble, with an air of well-assumed indifference, toward a stout wall. Mrs. S.—, though, was a woman of perspicacity and, not fancying herself wiped off like a barnacle against the wall side, she began an energetic pulling of the impromptu harness. It broke. Mrs. S.— dismounted. So did I. At that instant both of our donkeys opened their mouths and sent up to the astonished heavens a sound like a croupy foghorn practising a duet with a sea lion. I broke out in a cold perspiration, but Mrs. S.— turned upon the muleteer and, with an imperious gesture, said, 'Take us home, sir. This is too much. Your beasts have insulted us!'

But the muleteer disconnected his English ear and threw his hands up and out to indicate a complete lack of comprehension.

'Molto bene, signora,' said he; 'nice-a mule-a'—and to prove it he mounted the Deacon himself.

But the latter had had enough of it and wished the episode closed, for no sooner was the muleteer securely mounted than he committed his final blasphemy. He let go of all fours and rolled over on his back. I flew to the nearest tree and got behind it, and peeping out cautiously to one side,—I saw that donkey's ears quietly change to horns!

The next morning the muleteer approached us pleasantly and, with a graceful gesture meant to call our attention to the beauties of spring on the Campagna, said:—

'Will the ladies have donkeys today?'

'Oh yes,' said Mrs. S.—. 'Fried on toast, please!'

THE CURE FOR CRIME

In an address to the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, President Coolige emphasized the need of parental care and home training as the chief means of preventing juvenile crime. He expressed the conviction that religion is the only force that can successfully cope with the wildness of our youth and that the safety of society cannot rest on restraint alone:

Too many people are neglecting the real well-being of their children, shifting the responsibility for their actions and turning over supervision of their discipline and conduct to the juvenile courts. It is stated on high authority that a very large proportion of the outcasts and criminals come from the ranks of those who lost the advantages of normal parental control in their youth. They are the refugees from broken homes who were denied the necessary benefits of parental love and direction.... What the youth of the country need is, not more public control through Government action, but more home control through parental action.

Now—and Then—

Lourdes—Our Lady's Own

By BERTHA RADFORD SUTTON

LOURDES is so strong, it is impossible to be conquered." So wrote, 600 years ago, the great historian Froissart, the genial old Repington of the Fourteenth Century, who wandered about Europe gathering first hand information of events from the mouths of Kings and warriors.

In those days Lourdes was strongly garrisoned for the English, by men of Gascony, Béarn and Bigorre, who had made such a reputation for themselves by their daring and offensive raids, that their very names made men tremble.

The Country of Bigorre in which Lourdes stands, had been given to the King of England as part of the ransom of King John of France,—a prisoner in England—and later on, when the Prince and Princess of Wales of the time came to take possession of the Duchy of Aquitaine which the English King had given his son, they elected to stay in their "handsome City of Tarbes," just about the time the powerful Count of Foix was beginning to build his Castle at Pau.

The Prince and Princess were eager to see the "Chateau fort" of Lourdes, and they set out from Tarbes with a great retinue to inspect it. The Prince was so much delighted with the strength and military value of the fort and with the beauty of the country, that he called to him a Knight of his household, Sir Peter Arnaut of the County of Béarn, and said,

"Sir Peter, I nominate and appoint you Governor and Captain of Lourdes and Regent of the Country of Bigorre: now guard well the castle so as to give a good account of it to my lord and father and to myself."

"My lord," replied the Knight, "that will I do right cheerfully."

Later on, the French and English fell to war again and several of the English "possessions" in that part of the country were taken by the French: but Sir Peter remained faithful to his English lord, and collecting some of the strongest men-at-arms from different parts of the country, he not only held Lourdes against all-comers, but went out on the offensive, always bringing back quantities of prisoners and cattle, so that "they knew not how to dispose of them."

Tarbes having again fallen to the French, the inhabitants were in great fear that their Strong Enemy of Lourdes would raid them and they were always sending out scouts to see what Lourdes was doing.

At last all the Knights and fighting men of Bigorre grew so tired of the "alarums and excursions" their neighbor put them to, that they beat up all their fighting strength and arranged to lie in wait at Tournai close to Tarbes, for the return of the Lourdes garrison from a raid in the district.

But the men of Lourdes were forewarned, and therefore forearmed. They were prepared for the ambush and the combat of that day was as famous as it was bloody.

"Our Lady for Bigorre!"

"St. George for Lourdes!" Were the old battle cries which sounded to the mighty deeds of valor and prowess done on that memorable day.

At last, both sides being exhausted, a truce was called and prisoners were "courteously ransomed and mutually exchanged, for those who had been engaged in this combat had made several prisoners on each side, so that it behooved them to treat each other handsomely."

Again came the Duke of Anjou with his army, lodging at Bagnères En Voile, and entered Lourdes, surrounding the Castle, but the Duke, says Froissart, "lost more than he gained."

He was more than six weeks besieging the great fort, but the old Castle was impregnable and could be approached only by ladders and by one pass. And the besieged hurled everything they could get hold of down on their enemy.

The town of Lourdes, cramped in the little narrow winding lanes that huddled round the south side of the Castle, was greatly damaged by the machines used against it, and it was finally burnt down when the vanquished Duke retired in wrath. He tried first to bribe Sir Peter, offering him large sums of money to give up the Castle. But the Governor, being a man of honor, refused. "The garrison was not his and he could neither sell, give nor alienate the inheritance of the King of England unless he were a traitor which he scorned to be, and would remain loyal to his natural lord. He had sworn solemnly on his faith to guard and defend the Castle of Lourdes till his death against every

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man unless he were sent by the King of England."

So the Duke had to depart, and he complained bitterly to Sir Peter's Cousin, the great all powerful Count of Foix, who incontinently sent off post haste for Sir Peter to come and see him in his Castle of Orthez. (You pass Orthez on your way to Lourdes—about an hour before you get to Pau—All that you see of it from the train makes you feel you are right in the middle of the Fourteenth Century).

SO Sir Peter went, and the grim Earl—who for his time was an enlightened and fine man,—entreated him kindly. One can imagine his political and geographical views, and the reasons he put forward for Sir Peter to hand over Lourdes to at least his own countrymen, the French.

But Sir Peter was loyal.

Then the Count commanded him to surrender it and his suavity began to disappear.

But Sir Peter flatly refused to turn traitor to his English master who trusted him.

Thereupon the Count flew into a regular medieval rage, and crying—medievally—

"Ho Ho! Dost thou say no?" Struck him in the face with his dagger.

So poor brave Sir Peter was left to languish in the foul donjons of Orthèz, where presently he died of his wounds. But his brother, John of Béarn, continued the loyal guardianship of Lourdes Castle, and was called the Seneschal of Bigorre for the King of England.

Froissart tells us that though the fiery Count of Foix made no amends for his brutal murder, except

by "Secret penances, Masses and prayers," he took the young son of John de Béarn for his squire and treated him with "great courtesy and affection."

* * * * *

One would almost think that the "impregnable fortress" was again in the hands of the stranger! The long trains—twenty-nine trains wailed recently on sidings for their load of pilgrims!—packed with the sick and the valid of every nation, steam daily into the little station, and the narrow streets are filled with men and women of every clime and country, who make the town their own for the time being.

From Easter to Rosary Sunday, Lourdes, the military goal and prizes of the middle ages, the spiritual goal of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries, is besieged by the faithful, who come to storm—not the Chateau fort of Lourdes, but the Chateau fort of Heaven—the Kingdom of Heaven is taken by storm, and every pilgrim is armed with his weapons,—penance, suffering, thanksgiving, sacrifice, prayer, mightiest weapon of all—and day and night we storm heaven with them.

And sometimes, when it seems good to her, the Blessed Damosel, looking down "from the gold bars of heaven," takes pity, and stretching down, touches us with her gentle hand, and we are healed.

Oh yes—Lourdes was impregnable, but now, Our Lady is Seneschal of Lourdes—She holds it for her Son, and we come to "storm" her with love and tears. Some of us win—some raid Heaven—and all of us are more fortunate than the Duke of Anjou, for we "gain more than we lose."

The Burial

By P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY

The winds' threnodies shook one white cloud
That drooped in the chill blue overhead:
She visioned angels weave a shroud
Of the snows for her loved dead.
Fell soft the petals of the snow
Like blossoms rained from heavenly boughs,
Shining in the late evening glow
That lit the hills empurpled brows.

It seemed as if o'er the burial
God had of His peace wrought a crown,
Invisible high coronal
For Death, and dropped it gently down
Through the skies into the hushed day,
Where Love's white lilies shrank from doom,
And Love's tears mingled with the clay
As she gazed on the closing tomb.

O Sorrow of the purpline cloak,
O Sorrow whose whips chasteneth,
O Sorrow of the mystic yoke,
O Sorrow, pale sister of Death,
She saw thy pallor on the snows,
Thy darkling raiment on the hills;
And looking in thine eyes of woe,
Sipped of thy cup, which Love distils!

With her that hour thou didst abide,
Humbling most low the heart of her—
And earthly hopes, and earthly pride,
Were garnered in the sepulchre.
But she thought of the Motherhood
Of Mary, seeing the dead Christ;
And of Him, Who gaveth fortitude
And comfort of the Sacrificed.

Light in the Gloom

November Musings on the Holy Souls

By HERBERT GREENAN, C. P.



OMEHOW it seems but natural that our Holy Church, in maternal solicitude for her suffering children, should select the month of November as the one for particular remembrance of the dead. The winds of winter wail amid the leafless trees—it is the requiem of the dying year. The days have grown shorter, and we are reminded in the words of Job that “our days have passed more swiftly than the web is cut by the weaver.”

Darkness, which through the long night envelopes the world, tells us of death and brings more often to our minds memories of those whom we knew and loved, but who have passed through the gloomy portals. We remember how good and kind they always were to us, and how little sometimes we appreciated their tenderness and thoughtfulness. As we sit by the fireside in the evenings of this grey month, dreams of the dead, days beyond recall, are woven from the misty past, and a pang of remorse pierces our hearts. Memories mingled with regrets come thronging round us, and we long for one word, one sign—only a word from the hushed voice, only a touch from the vanished hand.

Oh, the misery and anguish, more bitter than loss of friends, to feel that we can never atone to our dead, that through all the years never will they know how we loved them! Could we put back the hands of time and meeting our loved ones show them that our neglect was only seeming!

To the lonely heart of the Catholic there is, however, light in the gloom, when that serene comfort, created by the teaching of Faith, casts away vain regret, and the remembrance of the doctrine of Purgatory brings with it the blessed balm of consolation that “it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins.”

During this month, therefore, our thoughts will be centred in that place of the spirit world, where for a time those departed souls—touchingly described as the Prisoners of Love—are detained for punishment and purification. Day after day “the acceptable Sacrifice of the Altar,” as prescribed by the Council of Trent, will be offered for their eternal rest. The satisfaction, too, of our communions, our fasting and alms-deeds, through the

merits of the Passion of Jesus, will be applied to them for whom the night has come when no man can work. In unison with these acts of public worship many a private prayer will ascend to the throne of mercy, beseeching the gentle Lord that the touch of His hand may no longer hurt but heal His loved ones.

All of this will be another evidence of the enduring faith and hope and charity of the Catholic Church; for faith, rooted in the fruitful soil of divine revelation, of Catholic tradition, of right reason will bud forth again the green leaves of hope and the sweet-scented flowers of charity. And these leaves and flowers will be woven into a chaplet of immortals to crown the heroes of Christ as they enter the land of light, where the gloom of sorrow and separation is broken forever. The words of the prophet will indeed be verified: “The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; to them that dwelt in the region of the shadow of death light is risen.” (Isaiah 9/2).

WHILST we are mindful of the justice and purity of God and the consequent sufferings and sorrows of the Holy Souls—their loneliness and longing, their exile and expectancy—we are able to regard Purgatory not only as a prison of vindictive punishment, where the temporal punishment due to sin is paid, but we are also able to look upon it as a prison of love where sweetness tempers suffering, where there is light in the gloom.

For, in matters not of faith, freedom of opinion is allowed, and often learned theologians hold quite different views about questions, concerning which there is no formal nor dogmatic definition. This is true with regard to the pains and punishments of Purgatory.

Some writers and preachers of the emotional type picture Purgatory as a lake of fire, whose least torture is greater than all the combined sufferings of this world. They dwell on the terrible nature of the pain of temporary loss and of the punishment of sense. A wounded deer, prostrate at the brink of a crystal stream, powerless to moisten its parched tongue, is but a feeble image of the soul in Purgatory thirsting for God: “as the heart panteth after the living waters so my soul panteth after thee.” The spirit of this teaching is most admirable. It creates a holy fear. It inspires a

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healthy horror for sin even of a venial nature. It fosters practical sympathy for the departed souls. Indeed, to consider Purgatory as a place of pleasure would be contrary to the teaching of the Church. It is related when Blessed Henry Suso, through his love of God, began to think lightly on the pains of Purgatory our Lord warned him that this was very displeasing to Him.

BUT there is also the spirit of love which, while it recognizes the extreme pain and punishment of the prison of purification, casts over its gloom the soft silvery light of the friendship of God, "the light that shineth in a dark place until the day dawn, and the day star arise in their hearts" (2 St. Peter, 1/9). Love is the lamp of the Lord, and for the "Prisoners of Love" the knowledge that they are saved, that they have won the prize though its possession be delayed, that they are the friends of God—this is for them the light in the gloom.

Many saints and doctors of the Church have written about the knowledge of the Holy Souls. St. Alphonsus Ligouri states we may piously believe that God makes our prayers known to them, and St. Catherine of Bologna was accustomed to have recourse to them, without ever having her petitions refused. Unable to help themselves, others they can help. The Church, moreover, has never condemned the practice of asking the intercession of the Holy Souls, so if it be lawful to pray to them—and as many examples prove that such prayers have been heard—it can be argued that our suffrages and prayers for them are also made manifest to them.

There is gladness in remembrance. Aid in the hour of need is a proof and pledge of friendship. Far away from home and country the exile's lonely heart thrills with rapture as there comes to him a message from home—a letter from over the seas, a favor from the friend who does not forget. Shadows may surround him, but remembrance is the light in the gloom. Surely in the midst of their suffering it must be sweet for the victims of love to know they are still loved, that "love is stronger than death;" and out beyond the grave, back in the homes made lonely by their absence, there are hearts which follow them not with vain and selfish regret but with assistance and succor. They will see the willing sacrifice of an hour's rest and sleep on these cold wintry mornings that the Adorable Sacrifice may be offered for them; an evening's pleasure gladly put aside that the Prisoner of Love in the Blessed Sacrament may be asked to have pity on them; a little alms given to the poor and needy for their sake and in their name—this knowledge will be for them light in the gloom.

It is certain that the Holy Souls know they are

the friends of God, and are united to Him forever by sanctifying grace. They can never again offend Him even in a venial manner. Perfect patience is their portion, and they abide in resignation their term of purification. "The soul in Purgatory," says St. Catherine of Genoa, "has no remembrance at all of its past sins." It loves God above everything, and love is the greatest sustaining power of suffering. For the love of God the martyrs shed their blood and bore the most dreadful tortures with a fortitude that no human love could sustain; so whilst their bodies were broken on rack and wheel, the Light of the World, the Divine Lover, the first Martyr of Love upheld them to the end.

The Holy Souls love Jesus with a greater love than that of the martyrs because for them the dark glass is shattered and they have seen Him face to face. The memory of the Vision Beautiful is their consolation, and though the Face be now veiled from them for a little while the radiance reflected from the Sun of Justice is light in the gloom.

There was no thought in the minds of the martyrs animated with divine love that God was hard or unkind in allowing them to suffer, for they knew that every pain of sense and soul was reproducing in them the perfect likeness of Christ. So do the Holy Souls recognize in their suffering the love that is perfecting them for eternal union with peace and joy.

THIS world is a valley of tears. There are troubles for every heart. The holiest and the best are still in a state of doubt about their salvation, and only hope in the loving mercy of God is the kindly guiding light amid the gloom and shadows of this earthly life. Did an angel come to us and whisper: "You will see God when you die, you will be saved," no pain nor disappointment would worry us. The Souls in Purgatory possess this knowledge; the troubles, the uncertainties, the doubts of this world are over—they are saved and they know it.

This is the view of Purgatory conceived by the gentle St. Francis of Sales from the inspired writings of St. Catherine. It does not in any sense minimise the pains endured by the Holy Souls, but brings out into clear relief the purity, sanctity, and love of God. It dwells rather on the helplessness than on the misery of the departed not yet admitted to the Beatific Vision. And, surely, it appeals with touching tenderness to every sentiment of pity in the human heart for help and assistance for our dear dead; its pleading cannot be resisted, for its call is in friendship's name.

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The blessed doctrine of the Communion of Saints brings us into more intimate contact with those whom the barrier of death seemed to have hidden from us for ever. For us who mourn there is also light amid the gloom and we can see again, vague and shadowy though the vision be, those whom we loved and lost—we can see them, these dear old friends, waiting and watching for our

coming with healing balm for their wounds.

Tender memories of long ago come from the buried past. Softly and sweetly, like the chime of silver bells at evening, sound in our hearts the names of our dead and ring their requiem whilst we pray:

God of mercy! Jesus blest
Grant them everlasting rest.

“Lord, That I May See!”

By NAOMI LARKIN



FATHER KENT spread his open New Testament on the window sill and gazed dreamily at the city, a magic miniature world far below. The two rivers meeting to form a third, looked like quiet streams, and the spires and sky-scrappers, sharply etched against the sombre grey sky, seemed very tiny and fragile. His eyes turned again to the words of St. John:—"And Jesus said: 'For judgment I am come into this world, that they who see not, may see; and they who see, may become blind.' " Abstractedly comparing his watch with the grave-faced clock on a neighboring tower, Father Kent breathed an earnest prayer; a prayer to that Jesus whom John adored, that He might give to some one this day, the grace to see. He closed his study door noiselessly behind him and made his way quickly over to the church to say his Mass.

In that same city on which Father Kent looked down, in a house so like the other houses of its quiet street that it was not discernible from the rectory on the height, Jess Clarey was tucking her blond hair under the smart hat that was her one extravagance. In the few moments left before she must start for "the office," she was grateful for the noise of the vacuum cleaner that Madge had seized in a fit of exasperation. "That child is always wanting something, now it's a hair-bob after Confession. These are the things that eat up the money," Madge's words were lost in the whirring of the vacuum. Jess nodded a perfunctory good-bye and stepped out on the street that led to the main thoroughfare where she would get a trolley to the "down town." She had gathered the general impression that Madge was annoyed, that was usual, and that Effie, her small niece, was annoying, that

was very usual, and that she herself was about to enter on a day of destiny; it would be just like leaning out perilously far to snatch at the "brass ring" while teetering on a merry-go-round. Always, always, she had stood safely and tamely by her painted wooden horse, leaving the chance to venturesome spirits.

As she walked down the short block to the car, all the possibilities of this thing that had taken possession of her revolved themselves in her mind. A quick decision, a few words on paper, and—she brought herself up sharply at the curb. In her absorption she had almost stepped into the road of one of the motor cars now dashing towards the down town section in a steady stream. How easily, Jess realized, with a grim humor, such a catastrophe would quiet forever her yearnings and her half-formulated plans. On wakening, she had hurried through a decade of the rosary, indeed she could not recall saying the words, but in some inarticulate burst of earnestness she had prayed for the courage to do what would bring the quickest and most gratifying results.

HE roused herself and looked about her. There was a hint of rain in the air, the sky was solidly grey, that early May morning. Rain to Jess was always so blighting. In the well-thumbed copy of Riley's poems now relegated to the highest shelf in the "den," she had always passed by the stereotyped favorites, her choice of them being "I never was much on a Rainy Day." Rain meant wet clothes, juggling with unwieldy umbrellas, crowded cars, ugh! How she could enjoy rain, she thought wistfully, if she could see it through the windows of a limousine, on whose cushions she would gratefully relax. She would watch the lights and shadows reflected on the gleaming pavements

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and enjoy vicariously the dexterous threading in and out among vehicles, street cars, etc, so efficiently achieved by her chauffeur. Jess realized that her street car was coming and that several people had gathered at the corner.

"Good morning, Miss Thorne!" A huge figure crowded beside her. "Say, I'm awfully lucky to get a seat, just caught this boat by chance, usually get the 7:43"—all this breathlessly.

"You're like our Em, you even know the schedule," Jess giggled with what in a smaller woman would have been coyness. "Our girls are just wild at me, Mr. Bennett, because I'm talking all the time. What do you think of Rush Electric, up to eighty-seven yesterday?"

"Well, I got in on some Southern Oaks last month, and, say—" He grew ecstatically confidential, "Two thousand turned the trick. My wife got herself a Buick Sedan and we put enough away to take us to the Bermudas next October with the Keats; easy money? I'll say!, and I know a fellow that is going to mortgage his home for some Rush Electrics—fact—oh they're sure!—Tell you, Jess, my wife likes to live *right*, and it takes money—I'll say it does. I guess I'll transfer here, it looks like rain and I won't take any chances on a long walk "cross town," goo' bye—say" he bent his homely face towards her as he rose, "if you make good, let us know! It takes nerve but it pays well!"

QUICKENED and alert, Jess reviewed the situation that was fast becoming the only thing she could see, hear or think. A car, perhaps; she could fancy herself looking out through the dining room window at the shiny, big car waiting at their house. She could imagine rolling along country roads in the darkening summer evenings, the woodsy "country" smell, the only name she knew for it, in cool dark stretches between little villages where lights were beginning to twinkle. She would ride and dream and think and pray, and "possess her soul" as she had always yearned to do. No more long evenings on the back porch with the harsh unlovely glare that on city streets never takes on the softening aspect of twilight. Jess knew those evenings so well; the reverberating "buzz" of roller skates, the shrieks of children—Em and Madge grieving her sense of propriety by leaning out over the porch rail, frankly interested in the neighbors' affairs. Poor Em and Madge, they had such narrow view points, they needed the pleasure sense of adventure that a car affords. She glanced abstractedly at the gleaming ring of a woman who sat opposite, reading "The Smart Set." How is it

that other people have everything, Jess thought testily though ordinarily she did not covet jewelry. Two thousand! Just what Tom offered for the first payment. Yes, she would send that letter today, Tom would take her word for it, wire the bank, she would get in touch with young Lawson the broker, and then! Then indeed her eyes, her heart, her brain, would focus on the stock market!

She peered out anxiously at a street clock, with a guilty sense of having forgotten time and space, but was reassured to find that she would be in plenty of time for "work." Dreams again; perhaps they would move to a larger house, a shadowy fragrant garden, oh just a "back yard" perhaps, but one that was cool and had lilacs and lilies of the valley. She would have a room to herself and freely indulge her one luxury, reading in bed. Em, who despite her romantic name, Emily Bronté Clarey, was intolerant of any departure from the practical or the commonplace, fiercely resented Jess' pathetic wistfulness toward luxury. "You'd think you were Lady Vere de Vere—do you know what our light bill was for last month?" Poor Em,—Jess' heart contracted; if this thing turned out well, maybe Em could have a nice trip, with good clothes and a shiny new trunk.

"Sixth and Liberbib—!" the conductor bawled and Jess, now thoroughly roused, hurried to the enormous office building a square or so beyond the shopping district. Her trained eye noted all the gorgeous expensive details of the delicately tinted "Going South" costumes in the window of the corner department store; she grew acutely conscious of her worn coat and of the shoes that had taken on the shape of her large rather flat feet. The dust was swirling round the corner; a boy was selling violets; how deeply blue they glowed in the grey atmosphere. A sudden exhilaration came upon Jess as she hastened into the office building lobby, and greeted familiarly many acquaintances; a casual observer would have marked her as distinguished among the bustling throng of men and women.

In the office that morning there was plenty of time to chat. "Going to move, Jess?" this from a girl whose desk was adjacent. "I wish you could see some of the places Mom and I looked at Sunday. They don't look any more like the "ads" than those shoes do that Hyburglars have on sale. You know, Mom's set on buying, so we went out to see a bungalow in Newnest Park. It was a "bungle-high," I'll say! Honest, Laura, I'm not trying to be funny, but the only view was the roof on another house! And if you went out the back door in the dark you'd fall down a ravine onto a railroad

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track. Eighteen thousand." They laughed heartily at their various adventures in house hunting, and Jess found great pleasure in the thought that unless her present financial condition was greatly augmented, she could not hope to buy even a modest home. "You know, Lil," she leaned forward, "Tom Thorn, Uncle Ben's son, has given us some money to make a payment on a home for us. Oh, just a few thousand, Lil, but our Madge and Em think it is a fortune." Her eyes dilated and she mused, while she traced over and over the printed advertisement on a blotter.

Lil turned back to her work. No one was now looking. Jess drew from the big top drawer of her desk an addressed stamped envelope. She slipped it into her purse which she put back in its accustomed place in a shallow side drawer. A great constraint was lifted, she seemed to breath more easily. Walking to the window she looked down on the busy street, grey in the shadows cast by the high buildings, but teeming with life and sound, and a ceaseless, reassuring bustle that was to Jess life at its richest, its most stimulating. Here she felt sure; she saw things in their true perspective; big things, risky things, ventures, this was the business world, a real one to Jess; at home she was dominated by unsympathetic conditions that stifled and destroyed all her finer impulses and weakened her resolves. Here, she dared to,—what was that quotation in an old copy book? Oh, yes—"What you dare to dream of, dare to do!"

BACK at her desk she plunged into her work with fierce concentration. At eleven she relaxed, as was her habit. Long and deliberately she gazed as if for the first time around the large square room where a score or so of men and women were busily writing, figuring and telephoning. The walls were bare save for a large round clock whose face was devoid of expression. The windows afforded a prospect that never failed to quicken in Jess that keen response to beauty which was at once a torture and a delight. Beyond and above the few gray buildings that intervened, a many spired church faced the city from a sheer cliff several hundred feet high. Beside it stood a small square house, probably the rectory. Jess had, from long practice, achieved a trick of narrowing her eyes and seeing only the church standing, apparently, in mid air, its windows gleaming, its points and its cross silhouetted against the horizon. Today she turned her eyes reluctantly from the outer scene, and, with a quick decisive gesture, took up her purse and went across the hall to the little lavatory. It was deserted and quiet, save for the

comfortable purring and sputtering of the steam radiator. She plucked the still unsealed letter from her purse, drew the letter out and read,

"Dear Tom:—

Am writing this in a hurry,—as usual! You know, better than anyone else, our perpetual state of excitement. Tom, I have decided, we have decided, I mean, on a house, and I am taking the money out to-day. So just wire the bank, as you said you would. Haven't time to go into details just now, must act quickly, so do not expect to hear from me for a few days. Meantime, Tom, if you write, send the letter to the office, so much more prompt and dependable than our home mail.

Affectionately,

Jess.

THE door opened admitting a thin worn little woman whose eyes, brown, grave and kind, looked out on a world that had been hard to her. "Hello Jess, ju get a letter?" She turned a flood of water on her inky fingers. "O Jess, I want to tell you something."

Jess sealed the letter and with the relief that follows decision, concentrated on little Miss Dale and her story; she loved to retail to Madge and Em the narratives of Miss Dale, often tragic, always true.

"You know I'm studying Braille at nights with Miss Kent; you know, I told you, she's the one that locates the blind in this section of the country, Jess." She worked the paper towel pulpily between her fingers. "She told us something last night that I just can't get out of my head." Her eyes brooded. "No one else seemed to pay much attention, but I can't be like that, I kinda get inside of every person I hear about. Well, this Miss Kent has a friend, a blind woman, she's told us about her two or three times now, she adds a little bit every lesson, you know, we ask about her, because it makes the Braille work more real if you have some one blind person in mind. Now Jess, the mail ain't taken up till 11:50 any more, well—you know—I just knew you wanted to get your letter in the mail, but I must tell you this! I do seem awfully long winded and round-about in my story, but I'll get some where, and you'll be interested when you hear, but oh," sighing and fumbling with futile fingers at the heavy window, "it's awful, and don't you notice the heat to-day? This blind woman is dying of cancer, yes—just up here at Newburg, and Jess, there's just one thing she wants in all the world—see, Miss Kent tells this to the class,—only seven of us—and that's the book of St. John, the Braille book. You see, they divide the Bible into ever so many books in Braille and the Carnegie Library sends them out free and lets the blind keep them two months—Well, anyway, she wrote Miss Kent

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like this, 'I know the words off by heart, but I want them here under my fingers the same as you want to read with your eyes.' Jess, you're just like I am, you ache with it," they stood at the partly open window, the tears streaming down their faces.

"But Jess, wait! I asked Miss Kent after class about this woman, if she'd always been blind, you know, and her history. She's our *Miss Cole* that worked in here for nine years. Yes, I know, you used to go to see her, well, she had to go to this Institution—No, Jess, it wasn't the cancer,—she lost all her money; you know she had quite a nice bank account, remember we all felt so good about the property turning out valuable? But Jess,—Oh, I just can't tell it, she got some one to invest it in stock—Jess you're sick!"

Jess sank down on the little chair, every nerve trembling, a dampness breaking out on her hands; she closed her eyes for a brief moment while Miss Dale fussed and cluttered at the paper cup

receptacle, saying soothingly, as to a child, "You'll be all right Jess, it's awful hot in here and I guess I made you nervous." She came toward her, the cup dripping. Jess rallied, sat forward and smiled, only a trifle wan now—, "Why you're kind, Miss Dale, never mind, I'm fine now—oh I do think we've got so much to be thankful for when I hear such things—I must get back now, the mail comes to our office at eleven." She stood up, a chastened loveliness in her face, and a something magnificent in her bearing. Little Miss Dale, confused and apologetic, conscious that she had unnerved and distressed Jess, ventured to remark, with an attempt at banter.

"That must a' been a *real* love letter, Jess, you tore it in such *little* pieces!"

THAT evening, as Father Kent looked off his Breviary at the beauty of the twilight scene below him he felt a curious sense of achievement.

From A Vacation Diary

(This sidelight on Society is from a personal communication to THE SIGN.)

Spent a week at M——, a fashionable resort on the North Shore, where people live to eat. It is truly a wonderful place. Julia is working there for a wealthy family, though all she does is walk about with a dish in her hand. I went down for a day and the Madam made me stay for a week. Had an opportunity to study the idle rich at close range. Madam is a fine woman, very hospitable. I wore her husband's bathing suit under protest and amid great laughter. He is there only weekends. He's a coal king: all they do is eat, sleep and yawn. The house is truly a gem. Five machines.

We went to Ward's Beach at her expense. Of all the crazy places I ever visited, that's the worst. 'Tis a shame, to cut it up so, and the women walking about dressed like the natives of Africa. God help us! If they would only stay in the water!

I breathed a sigh of relief when I landed back at the hostel in my nice, restful room with the dear Lord under my window and the chanting of the nuns sounding in my ears. "Thank God!" I said, "for the cloister. And God help all the benighted people in the world!" I don't mean to be impudent, but some of the dear ladies who tarry even in this holy place amuse me. It is evident the cut-glass section don't know just where to place me. I can talk and that helps a lot. Down stairs the crowd is very merry. One day a widow asked me if I knew her husband—"he was a dear friend of Al Smith." "No," said I, feeling I was

spurning the State House recognition. "Why, everybody knows my husband, he was a great politician." "Well," I said "I am not old enough to vote, so would never meet him at the pools." This lady can't make her own bed, her social standing wont allow her, "anyway that's what the Sisters are for." Then there's an English warrior who sits on my left and orders every one but me around. She doesn't pretend to say "grace," comes out strong on the "amen." But I tamed her. She'd say "Give me the salt." "After I use it, dear," I'd say sweetly. The table roared. She's my idea of nothing. The daughter of the famous Prof. X is there. She is a dizzy person: wont wear rubber heels, so imagine her racing up and down the halls. The Father who gave the last retreat asked her, "Are you making the retreat?" "No." "Why not?" "I am not very keen on retreats." She is a very one-sided affair, physically and mentally, she travels always. Poor girl! Just think what a surprise awaits her when she finds out what she is missing.

The high-brows sit in the large parlor and let all who enter leave mirth behind. I was doing some funny stunts one day and down in the corner was a High School principal behind a newspaper regarding me militantly. I finally made her laugh.

Well, they didn't spoil my good time. I got lots of petting from the nuns, more than I deserve. They really are very sweet and dear. That convent is doing a lot of good in a quiet way and under great difficulties.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communication of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

THE SIGN POST

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY.

In the SIGN-POST for October, page 109, to R. K. Pittsburg, Pa., you state: "When past confessions have been invalid, then repetition is necessary. In such cases a general confession will be greatly beneficial and can be permitted, but it is not of obligation." This is very strange. The two statements appear to me contradictory, and the second bad theology.—S. T. Cambridge, Mass.

Your objection is well made. This mistake was due to copyist's error. The matter should have been stated thus: "When past confessions have been invalid, then repetition is necessary. When great benefit will be derived from a general confession it can be permitted, but it is not of obligation." The second statement as amended does not contradict the first because it supposes a different case. In other words, when it is not certain that former confessions were invalid, a general confession may be permitted if such a general confession will produce great good for the penitent, such as peace of conscience. But no strict obligation can be imposed.

DEVOTION AND FORGIVENESS

It is related that our Lord once said to St. Bernard: "I had on my shoulder while I bore my cross, a wound more grievous and painful than any of the others. Honor this wound with thy devotion and I will grant thee whatsoever thou dost ask through its virtue and merit; and to all who shall venerate this wound I will remit to them all their venial sins and will no longer remember their mortal sins." (1) What is the difference between "venerate" and "honor with devotion"? (2) What is the meaning of remitting venial sins and no longer remembering mortal sins?—M. M. J., Brockton, Mass.

(1) In the context given there is no difference; by honoring with devotion, you venerate the Sacred Wounds.

(2) After sins are forgiven or remitted, there may be a satisfactory punishment to bear for them, and in this sense the sins are, in a way, remembered until the temporal satisfaction is made. All sins are remitted by the act of being fully sorry for them, or, what is equivalent, by the act of loving Him Whom those sins have offended; of course, for the remission of mortal sins, the act of sorrow or love must include an intention to tell such sins in confession, otherwise they will not be remitted, since every mortal sin must be submitted "to the keys." Thus, then, in the wording of the promise, the venial sins will be forgiven or remitted, and the mortal sins (which must have been already forgiven) will no longer be remembered. What is meant, no doubt, is that these effects will follow on the tender love and devotion for our Lord that accompany the veneration of the sacred and painful wounds He bore for us. We are not bound to believe in infallibility for such promises, but we should not despise them, especially if they are in conformity with the known doctrines of Divine

and Catholic Faith, and are well attested. To the little apostle of His Sacred Wounds, Sr. Marie Martha Champon, our Lord made almost the same promises as those He made to St. Bernard. In connection with the particular devotion mentioned in this question, we might recall the saying of St. Paul of the Cross, that if he could get the most hardened sinner to think of the Sufferings of our Savior a few minutes each day, he would not only convert that sinner, but lead him to the heights of sanctity. How close, then, to our Lord in love must such souls as St. Bernard have been drawn by their devotion and contemplation of the Wounds of the Passion.

PILLAR OF FIRE

The office in which I work happens to be a somewhat public place and very often we are approached by representatives of various supposed charitable organizations, for donations. Numbered among these is one in particular, "The Pillar of Fire." I've been told by co-workers of my own faith, that this outfit is very much opposed to our Catholic belief. I look to you for confirmation on this and would greatly appreciate any information you can supply me with, so if in the event of their being antagonistic towards our faith we can act accordingly.—J. S., Newark, N. J.

The "Pillar of Fire" seems to be a quasi-religious society, and hence is opposed, at least in principle, to the Catholic Religion. But whether or not any particular organization will be actively antagonistic towards our Catholic belief, very often depends on what sort of individual members it has in a given locality. As for your attitude toward the society in question and toward all such associations we would have this to say: always be a gentleman, but when an organization is a quasi-religious apart from the one true religion of Christ, no Catholic can help in its actual upkeep; and if you give your money to such an organization merely to be dispensed in charity, always be sure you know where it goes—in many cases most of the money collected goes for the workers' salaries. There are plenty of trustworthy and highly-deserving Catholic charities that dispense their blessings to Catholics and non-Catholics without distinction, and it is to these that Catholics should entrust whatever money they are able to give for God's needy ones.

PROPER TIME FOR HOLY COMMUNION

In a parish where there is only one priest and a wedding or funeral was to be held on a first Friday, could people making the nine Fridays go to Holy Communion that day?—M. E. P., Gretna, Neb.

Surely they could go to Holy Communion, either at the wedding or funeral Mass, or at an earlier or later hour if more convenient for the people or priest.

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Holy Communion may be distributed at any hour during which Mass may be said; at other times, only for a reasonable cause. The partaking of the Blessed Sacrament has, however, a very special relation to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; hence the most proper time for receiving Holy Communion is during Holy Mass itself.

MIDNIGHT MASS

Will you tell me if it is known when Midnight Mass was first celebrated?—M. E. P., Gretna, Neb.

Midnight Mass is about as old as Christianity itself. Back even in the time of Pope St. Telesphorus (about A. D. 125-136) we find it prescribed to celebrate the first of the three Christmas Masses just after midnight. This is still the rubrical time for this Christmas Mass.

AN IRISH SAINT

A Catholic magazine some years ago stated that there never was a Saint named Edna; but a friend told me that when he was in Ireland he found schools dedicated to St. Edna. Could you tell me something about this particular saint?—M. E. P., Gretna, Neb.

The name of this Irish Saint is Edana not Edna, though we are aware that some of her patrons use the latter spelling. Records of the saint's life are at present confused and uncertain, but she is the patroness of many parishes in the west of Ireland and there is a holy well bearing her name. July 5th is her feastday.

PROSPERITY OF WICKED

How is it that the wicked are so successful in business, especially the Jews? Why does not God punish them, and prevent them from being successful? Why does not God stop the persecution of the Church and her priests in Mexico? Why does not God prevent the violation of His commands?—A. K., Long Island City.

The prosperity of the wicked has been a source of worry to the just for many years. In order to know why God allows any particular evil we should have a mind like God's. We know that God is all-wise and all-good. If He allows evil—physical and moral—He does so for very good reasons.

(a) It is a mistake to think that all wicked people are successful. The jails are overcrowded with sinners who have been caught and punished. The success of most Jews in business may be due to many causes, two of which, business shrewdness and frugality, are not sinful.

(b) Supposing that wicked men are successful in business, God does not manifest His Justice because it may not seem good to Him. He allows them to enjoy the goods of this world, because they shall not partake of the joys of the next life. Dives was very happy, as the world goes; Lazarus was a beggar. Yet in the end Lazarus was carried to Abraham's bosom (heaven), and Dives was buried in hell. In order to judge of the apparent inequality of men in this world we must look to the end of all.

(c) The same reason holds for the troubles in Mexico. The outrages are permitted by an All-Wise and All-Good God, either that the wicked may fill up the cup of wrath, or that the good may be perfected through patience. God draws good out of evil. If it were not for the persecution of tyrants, there would be no patience of martyrs.

(d) We must be very careful in making wholesale condemnations. In order to know for certain that a man is wholly evil, we must have the power to read hearts. Very few are so gifted. God allows the

cockle to grow with the wheat until the harvest. Then the wheat will be stored in the granary of God, and the cockle burned. There must always be sinners because God created man with free will. The reign of sin is the occasion of much good. If there were not sinners to convert the zeal of the clergy would evaporate, the sacrifices of heroic souls would be lessened, and the glory of God diminished. In the meantime live by faith and charity. God is in His world, and the day will soon dawn when all mysteries will be revealed, and you will see how marvellous are the ways of God.

MARRYING A DIVORCED MAN

Is there any way by which a Catholic may marry a divorced man before a priest? What do you suggest?—H. O., New York City.

It depends on the validity of the former marriage of the divorced party. That can be found out only after thorough investigation. The Church permits only one valid marriage at a time. Our advise is to consult a priest, which is the only satisfactory manner of ascertaining the man's freedom to marry.

FREEMASONS

1—Would you please answer why a Catholic cannot be a Mason? A friend asked me and I did not know the reason so as to answer him correctly.—C. S., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

2—Why is it that Catholics are not allowed to belong to the Masonic Order? Kindly state the origin and detail of this.—K. L., Newark, N. J.

The fundamental reason why the Catholic Church condemns Freemasonry is because the principles of the latter and those of the former are fundamentally, substantially, and absolutely irreconcilable. These principles, for the sake of brevity, may be reduced to two main heads; religion and politics. I quote from a book about Masonry, written by a Mason of Standing in the Order, and dedicated "To all my Brother Masons throughout the world who are seeking for the truth." The book is entitled "The Origin and Evolution of Freemasonry Connected with the Origin and Evolution of the Human Race," by Albert Churchward, M. D., M. R., C. P., F. G. S., P. M., P. Z., 30°.

(a) In the matter of religion, Freemasonry claims to be the only pure religion (page 219); superior to all other creeds now existing (p. 219); the depositary of divine revelation (p. 135); Christianity is a corruption of the original pure religion (p. 177).

(b) In the field of politics Freemasonry seeks to control politics and moral duties (p. 213-215).

These basic principles may not be realized by all Masons. In fact, the majority of Masons are ignorant of the real aims of the order. Oliver (Theocratic Philosophy) declares: "Brethren, high in rank and office, are often unacquainted with the elementary principles of the science (i. e., Masonry)." Only the inner circle, or Initiates, receive the full revelation of Masonry; the outer circle, or Uninitiates, falsely think that the order is merely a social or charitable organization, very useful for advancement in business and political life. Churchward admits this: "The majority of Freemasons know nothing really of what Freemasonry is." (p. 223). This is confirmed by Pike, (Morals and Dogma p. 819) one of greatest Masonic authorities.

What may be true regarding the ignorance of the majority of Masons concerning their order, cannot be affirmed of the Catholic Church. A Freemason himself admits; "The Catholic Church really knows more about Masonry than does the average Mason."

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Since these things are so, on the admission of Masons, what other attitude could the Church take than the one she does? She forbids her children to enter, and if contrary to her express prohibition they do, she cuts them off from her communion. What father or mother worthy the name could be indifferent to their children associating with smallpox or scarlet fever patients? What city could tolerate any interference with the purity of her water supply? So, too, the Church, who is a watchful mother, is exceedingly anxious that her children keep far from moral contagion, and that they drink only water from the stream of pure, unadulterated doctrine.

The Church is not interested in politics, as such. But she is very earnest that Her followers obey the laws of the land and pledge loyalty to the lawfully constituted government. She wants the faithful "to render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." Therefore, she cannot tolerate a society with the principle of absolute allegiance, confirmed by oath, to an organization erected within the State by private authority. She cannot suffer such a scheme, for it is tantamount to treason to the lawful power. "A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand." "No private order can arrogate unto itself prerogatives which belong by right only to those lawfully constituted. Otherwise, chaos it at the door.

In the religious sphere, in the field of revelation, the Catholic Church is "the pillar and ground of truth." All that teach not with her are against her, as they are against Christ. If Catholics have the truth (which they have), what can they gain by associating with error? The Church has the mind of Saint Paul, who had the mind of Christ: "What concord hath light with darkness? Christ with Belial?" "If an angel from heaven preach a doctrine other than that I preached to you, let him be anathema!"

MARRIAGE AND VOCATION

Is it possible for a married woman who is legitimately separated from her husband, and who has no hope of reconciliation, to enter the religious state? —M. G., Washington, D. C.

Unconsummated marriages of Christians may be dissolved by subsequent solemn profession in religion of one party, even against the will of the other. But the Church today forbids married people, while the partner is living, to enter the convent. It is possible however to obtain a dispensation from the Pope, under condition that the party remaining in the world is willing (provided he or she has not lost marital rights), and promises not to marry but to practise celibacy as long as the other partner is in religion. Consult a priest.

EMBER DAYS

Why are Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays selected as days of mortification? —F. S., Davenport, Iowa.

We are glad that you asked this question because the answer might be interesting to many Catholics. In the Latin Liturgy the Ember Days are called "Quattuor Tempora" meaning "the four seasons" of the year. One explanation of the origin of Ember Days is that the Church of Rome set aside Wednesday and Friday of each week for prayer and fasting, a substitution of the Jewish fast of Monday and Thursday. The Pharisee boasted that he fasted "twice in the week." It is likely that the Church wished her children to fast on Wednesday and Friday in order to distinguish them from the Jews; just as the celebration of the Sunday was made characteristic of the

Church in opposition to the Synagogue. Another explanation is that the Ember Days were instituted by the Church to compete with the pagan holidays which were celebrated thrice a year,—towards the beginning of summer, in autumn, and in winter. According to Pope St. Leo the Great, the practise of consecrating each of the four seasons by prayer and fasting was derived from the Apostles. The addition of the third day, Saturday, which is proper to Ember Days may have been due to the fact that the fast of Friday was prolonged until Saturday. St. Leo, in one of his sermons, said: "We fast on Wednesday and Friday, and on Saturday keep the vigil at St. Peter's, that we might be helped by his powerful intercession, and that by our fast and works of devotion we might win the favor of our merciful God."

A WHALE OR A BIG FISH?

Is it lawful to say Jonah was never swallowed by a whale?.. Are we not obliged to believe all the Scriptures, or is it heresy to say, "We are not obliged to believe it?" —M. C., Parkersburg, W. Va.

It is lawful to say that Jonah was never swallowed by a whale, because the original Hebrew text does not say a whale, but a "great fish." This is found even in the Douay Version, (Jonas 2/1). In St. Matthew the incident referred to is cited by Our Lord as a prophecy of His Resurrection, but here the Douay Version has "whale." The latter quotation should be interpreted in the light of the clearer one of the Book of Jonas, where it is said that the Lord "prepared a great fish to swallow Jonas." It may have been a whale, but it certainly was a large fish, large enough to swallow Jonas. That is the essential thing to believe: that some sea-going monster swallowed the Prophet, and belched him forth the third day.

(b) We must believe all the Scriptures in the sense interpreted by the Catholic Church.

EUCARISTIC FAST

How long must a person be fasting in order to receive Holy Communion at the midnight Mass on Christmas? —M. P., Scranton, Pa.

The law of the Eucharistic Fast is the same on Christmas as on other days. Hence without breaking the Law, one can receive Holy Communion at Midnight Mass provided he has taken nothing to eat or to drink since the twelve o'clock just passed. However, out of reverence for the Sacrament one should try to fast for a few hours before receiving Holy Communion.

ROSARY INDULGENCES

When a Mission was held here I bought a new rosary, and a friend said she would have it blessed by the Missionary Father and have 500 days Indulgence attached; she said that if I said my beads just once around the five decades during the week—for instance, ten Hail Mary's today, ten tomorrow, etc.,—I would gain 500 days Indulgence. I have since learned that fifteen decades make up the full Rosary. Is the indulgence given for the recital of the full Rosary? —M. E. P., Gretna, Neb.

The Indulgence meant by your friend was very likely the Crozier Indulgence. This is an indulgence of 500 days and may be gained for each Our Father or Hail Mary said on the beads, whether you intend to complete the Rosary or not. The other Indulgence ordinarily gained in saying the Rosary is the Dominican Indulgence. This consists of a number of indulgences to be gained for saying five decades of the Rosary while meditating on the mysteries of our

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Lord's Life and Death. The single decades may be separated but the five decades must be completed in the same day. The Dominican and Crozier Indulgences may be gained by the same recitation of the Rosary. To gain the Brigittine Indulgence a separate recitation of the Rosary is required; and if a five-decade rosary is used instead of the six-decade Brigittine Rosary, an Apostles' Creed must be recited after each decade. Each of these three indulgences require a special blessing on the beads.

ST. ALPHONSIUS RODRIGUEZ

Please let me have a brief outline of the life of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez.—J. J. F., New York City.

St. Alphonsus Rodriguez was a lay-brother of the Society of Jesus, distinguished by a spirit of penance, fortitude and obedience. Previous to his entrance into the Society he had been married, but after the death of his wife and children he applied for admittance as a lay-brother, and spent the rest of his life as door-keeper at the Mount Zion College, Palma. St. Peter Claver, the Apostle of the Negroes, used to attribute his missionary vocation, after God, to the conversations he used to have with this humble lay-brother. St. Alphonsus was canonized in 1888; his feast-day is October 30.

BLESSING A HOME

Is asking a priest to bless one's home a great favor? Should he be told in advance? Should one make an offering?—A. K., Philadelphia, Pa.

Hardly. Yes, if he would not come otherwise. To ask a priest to bless one's home while paying a friendly or official visit is quite proper. Blessings are not valued in terms of money. If you feel inclined to make an offering you may do so.

SISTERS OF CHARITY

Where is the Motherhouse of those Sisters of Charity who are often called God's Geese?—P. M., St. Paul, Kas.

It should be a consolation for one who feels that he is nothing but a "poor goose" to learn that there are some good souls willing for God's sake to become "poor geese." We know of many branches of Sister of Charity, but have never heard of any of them being called "God's Geese." Perhaps some of our readers may be able to answer P. M.'s question. All of the Sisterhoods in this country are greatly in need of more subjects to carry on their self-sacrificing works, and it would be besides a great act of charity to help a girl find her true vocation.

COMMUNICATIONS

MASHERS AND JIU JITSU

EDITOR, THE SIGN:

I read with interest the answer to the question on Jiu Jitsu for maschers. I was pleased to note that you approve of the use of this science by women on men who annoy them.

I certainly share your wish that more girls and women were versed in this art of self defense. Jiu Jitsu is admirably suited to the needs of all women and girls. It can be used as effectively by a slight girl as by a giantess. Skill, not strength and weight is all that is necessary.

For the information of women who consider themselves too small to defend themselves against a powerful ruffian I would point out that I am a policewoman and though only 5 feet 3 inches and weighing but 123

pounds I have frequently subdued and arrested maschers towering a foot above me and weighing twice my weight. Mashers are invariably cowards and regardless of how strong and heavy a man of this type may be he will quickly beg for mercy when a painful grip is used.—Policewoman, New York.

SCIENTIFIC INSANITIES

EDITOR, THE SIGN:

The community has recently been shocked by the murder of a little girl and a chauffeur, by a young man, who, according to the newspaper accounts was insane and should have been confined in an asylum.

If the conditions are as stated, more's the pity, since the crime was preventable if the irresponsible perpetrator had been placed beyond the possibility of committing such an act by being incarcerated, and two lives would have been spared.

However, the affair has served as an opportunity for the "scientists" to get into print and air their opinions, as they never fail to do on such occasions. They have examined the murderer, taken his photo and have "analyzed" and "classified" his physiognomy according to their "scientific" principles. Like any tyro, after the crime, they say "I told you so" but it is always post factum.

These pseudo scientists ask you to note the head—was it not Brachycephalic? The eye—is it not "evil" and "shifty"? The "prognathous" jaw indicative of brutality. The "weak" chin. The "sensuous" mouth. The "receding" forehead. The "outstanding" ears, with various other "criminal" configurations, and so on the hackneyed classifications are extended ad nauseam.

According to their conclusions crime is as discernible on the faces of all as if it was on an open book.

Their judgments are delivered so dogmatically and with such assumed certitude that error or falsity in their reasoning, on their part, is considered an impossibility. To combat their opinions or show that their deductions are not supported by facts, is a futility, at least they consider it such.

Hence they continue dogmatizing, cloaking their sophisms in polysyllabic profundity, using technical terms and phrases to impress the ignorant with their great "learning" but in the last analysis "Tis as tinkling cymbals and sounding brass."

A physical reason is given as explanation of the culprit's acts. Because his ears were so and so, or his nose was such and such, or the adenoids pressed on his brain, he did such a thing. All is reduced to cause and effect. — Materialism run riot.

There apparently is no such thing as free will, or morality, or religion, or discipline to counteract vicious tendencies, or irreligion, godless education, bad companions, lack of parental supervision and control, and license, to account for criminality. Oh! no, there is no personal responsibility. Away with such foolish ideas! They are not "scientific". All must be brought within the purview of materialism. Man is not any different from the brute.

Since their "science" is an exact (?) one and not a speculative one, may the writer, (a layman) have the temerity to suggest to that august body, that since they can readily determine the criminal, they take action to procure from the legislative bodies, the necessary authority to segregate society and incarcerate the "criminals."

They would thus be anticipating crime and act as a preventative, which is always more effective than a cure. Provided of course that their theories are demonstrable and conclusions sound and exact. But there's the rub! They are not. Let us have an end of this phrenological rot. — John A. McCarthy, Brooklyn, N. Y.

St. Perpetua

No. IV. in *The Saints of The Mass*

By DR. FREDERICK JOSEPH KINSMAN



If the Roman Emperors hostile to the Church, one of the most active was Septimius Severus, 193-211. During his reign there were various local outbreaks against Christians, the best known being one in the Roman province of Africa, now Tunisia, where there were numerous martyrs, the most notable being those who suffered in Carthage on March 7, 203.

The memory of these was kept alive in their own province until the Church in Africa was crushed by the Vandal invaders of the fifth century; and one of them, Perpetua, has a permanent memorial through insertion of her name in the Roman Canon. Yet for a long time Perpetua was little more than a name, like St. Agatha or St. Anastasia, until in 1663 Lucas Holstenius, Librarian of the Vatican, discovered and published her Acts. These Acts are wholly authentic, being a contemporary account by competent witnesses, and tell a tale of absorbing interest. Moreover, the death-scene they describe may be visualized in accurate detail, as the excavations of Cardinal Lavigerie disclosed the amphitheater at Carthage in which the martyrs suffered, existing much in its third century form.

The Acts of St. Perpetua comprise three separate documents: first, a narrative written by the saint herself while in prison; second, the description of a vision by one of her companions, Saturus; and, third, an account of the deaths written by an eyewitness shortly after. It is conjectured that this witness was Tertullian, the only Carthaginian Christian of the time known to us through his writings; and the conjecture is plausible for three reasons: Tertullian is the only one known who would have been likely to have assumed, or been assigned, the task; the Latin of the narrative has certain peculiarities which occur elsewhere only in Tertullian's works; the preface appears to have been written by one favorable to Montanism, which Tertullian adopted in his later years. These reasons are not conclusive, but established a high degree of probability. The most telling argument is that from similarity of language; but this might, of course, be accounted for by common use of Carthaginian idioms.

With this unusually graphic account of St. Perpetua from herself and from one who saw her die, the only way worthily to give her history is to do so in the language of the Acts. The first of the three documents, Perpetua's own writing, expressed in quaint and simple Latin, tells of her arrest and trial and ends thus: "This have I written the very day before the contest: of the actual contest itself, if anyone else wishes, let him write an account of that." This suggestion or request was complied with by Tertullian, or the contemporary who wrote in Tertullian's style, when he produced the third document which opens: "The day of their victory dawned. They went forth in procession from the prison into the amphitheater as into a heaven, joyful, with bright countenance, if perchance pale, it was from joy not fear." In the space here at disposal it will be possible to quote about half of what Perpetua wrote of herself and her witness wrote of her.

THE witness wrote a few lines of introduction to Perpetua's own narrative: "The young catechumens, Revocatus, his fellow-servant Felicitas, and Secundulus, were arrested, and with them also Ubia Perpetua, a woman of honorable birth, about twenty-two years old, well-educated, a young matron recently married, having an infant child which she was still nursing. She had a father, mother, and two brothers, the younger a catechumen like herself."

Then follows Perpetua's account:

"While I was still with my accusers, my father tried to alter my purpose and sought to dissuade me through my affection for himself. 'Father,' I said, 'do you see this little jug lying here, or anything else you choose for the sake of an example?' And he said, 'I see it.' And I said to him, 'Can it be called by any other than its own name?' And he said, 'No.' So also in my case, I cannot call myself anything other than what I am, a Christian.' Then my father, angered at my speech, threw himself upon me as if he would tear my eyes out. But he troubled me little, for surely he was but yielding to arguments suggested by the devil. Then for a few days he left me alone; and I gave thanks to God, for his absence refreshed me. During these same few days we were baptized; and the Spirit instructed me that I should pray for

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nothing at the time of my baptism except for power to suffer in flesh.

"A few days later we were taken to the prison: and I was frightened because I had never experienced such darkness. O what a terrible time it was! The heat was terrific from the crowding together of the prisoners; and there was much hustling about by the soldiers. Then too I was troubled with worry about my child. Then it was that Tertius and Pomponius, the blessed deacons who ministered to us, secured for us the privilege of being sent for a few hours into a better part of the prison where we could refresh ourselves. . . . Then I obtained permission to have my child with me in the prison. Immediately I felt better, was relieved both from trouble and worry about my baby: and all at once the prison seemed a palace, and I would rather have been there than anywhere else.

"Then my brother said to me: 'My dear sister, already you are in great honor, so that I am praying that it may be shown thee in vision whether martyrdom or release is in store for thee.' And since I knew that I could speak with God, whose great mercies I had already experienced, I made him a faithful promise, saying, 'I will tell thee tomorrow.' Then I prayed, and this was shown me. I saw a ladder of great height, stretching even to the sky, and very narrow. Men could not ascend except one at a time. On its side were fastened all sorts of iron weapons, swords, spears, hooks, and daggers, so that if anyone ascended carelessly, without keeping his eyes fixed above, he would be wounded and his flesh torn by the weapons. And lying under the ladder was a dragon of huge size, lying in wait for those who wished to ascend and trying to frighten them from the attempt. Saturus was first to ascend, he who had not been present when we were first arrested, but who had voluntarily surrendered himself on our account. He came to the foot of the ladder and turning said to me, 'Perpetua, I am supporting thee: but beware lest that dragon bite thee.' And I said, 'He will not hurt me for I trust in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.' And at the foot of the ladder, as if afraid of me, the dragon slowly cast down his head, and I stepped upon it as if it had been the first rung of the ladder. Then I went up. And I saw a great space of a garden, and in the midst a Man sitting, venerable, in dress of a shepherd, tall, tending His sheep. Standing about Him were thousands in white robes. He raised His head and, looking at me, said 'Thou art welcome, My child.' And He called me and gave me from the cheese He was making what seemed like a small morsel. I received it with my hands joined and ate it; and all those standing about

said, 'Amen.' At that sound I awoke and seemed to be chewing something. At once I told what I had seen to my brother; and we knew that for me it should be martyrdom. From that time we had no longer any hopes for things in this world."

THEN Perpetua tells of efforts of her father to dissuade her from her constancy, culminating in his bringing her child before the tribunal, when she was called for examination before the procurator who seconded the father's efforts.

"Spare thy father's age; spare the boy's infancy. Offer sacrifice for the welfare of the Emperors." And I replied, 'I will not do it.' Then said Hilarion, 'Art thou a Christian?' And I answered, 'I am a Christian.'"

Then came the condemnation. She tells also of another vision in which she saw a brother who had died in childhood, troubled with inability to reach a bowl of water. "And I prayed for my brother day and night, begging with tears that he might be given me." Then came another vision in which the brother, Dinocrates, "cleansed, well-clothed, refreshed," was able to reach the water in the bowl, which had been lowered, whereout he drank "without ceasing of the waters that never failed." This has become a classic illustration of the power of saints to assist souls in Purgatory.

"On the day before the contest" came a final vision of the last trial to which Perpetua seemed to be led by "Pomponius, the deacon."

"At last we came breathless into the amphitheater; and He brought me into the arena and said to me: 'Do not be afraid; I am with thee and share the struggle with thee.' Then he disappeared. And I saw all the crowd of people looking at me with astonishment: and, because I knew that I had been condemned to the beasts, I wondered that they were not set upon me. Then there came out against me an Egyptian, horrible to look at, with many followers, threatening to fight me. And there came to my side some noble young men as helpers and supporters. . . . And all the time I saw that Egyptian opposite advancing over the sand. And there came a certain Man of great height so that He seemed as tall as the top of the amphitheater, in flowing garments of purple with two stripes across the breast and many ornaments of gold and silver, carrying a rod like a master of games and a green branch whereon were golden apples. He called for silence and said, 'This Egyptian, if he vanquish this woman, let him kill her with a sword: but if she vanquish him, let her receive this branch.' Then He withdrew.

"We approached each other gradually and began to exchange blows. He tried to seize my feet: but

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I struck his face with my heels. And I was lifted into the air and began to trample him as if I were treading on the ground. When I felt that he was ceasing to struggle, I joined my hands so that I placed my fingers together: I seized his head, and he fell on his face. Then I stood upon his head. The people began to shout and my supporters to sing psalms. Then I went to the Master of the games and received the branch. He kissed me and said: 'Daughter, peace be with thee;' and I started to go in triumph toward the Gate of Safety.

"Then I awoke and knew that I was going to contend, not against beasts but against the devil; and I knew also that I should win the victory."

THE witness tells of the actual happenings which the vision had foreshadowed in allegory, of the realization of Perpetua's anticipation of sustaining grace in face of death.

"Perpetua advanced with a joyful gait as a matron of Christ, one of God's dainty ones, by the brightness of her eyes rebuking the gaze of the crowd... She sang a psalm, already treading on the head of the Egyptian. Revocatus and Saturninus and Saturus threatened judgment against the people beholding the deed, and in the very presence of Hilarion, began to say to him by gesture and nod, 'You us; but God you.' The people enraged called for huntsmen to lash them with scourges. And they thanked them for it, because thus they were sharers in the Passion of our Lord. (Then follows an account of the mangling of the men by different beasts.)

"For the young women, however, the devil had prepared a ferocious cow;... and Perpetua was the first to be tossed. She fell heavily, but at once sat up and drew her tunic which had been torn from her side to cover her limbs, thinking more of modesty than of pain. Afterward, being thrown down again, she bound up her locks which were disheveled, for it is not fitting that a martyr suffer with loosened hair, lest she seem to bewail what is her true glory. So she arose; and, when she had seen Felicitas thrown, went to her, took her by the hand and lifted her up. Both stood side by side; and the cruelty of the people being sated, they were called back to the Gate of Safety. There Perpetua, supported by a certain catechumen named Rusticus who kept by her side, as if awaking from sleep—for she had been in the Spirit and in a sort of trance—began to look about and to the amazement of all said: 'I do not know when we are to be cast to that cow.' When she was told what had already happened, at first she did not believe it, but at last was convinced by the marks of the tossing in her wounded body and by the unexpected presence

of Rusticus. Then she addressed him and her brother who had been summoned: 'Stand firm in the faith and love one another: and do not be shaken by what you have seen us suffer. . . .'

"Then were they all stretched in the usual place of the throat-cutting: but the people, wishing to make their eyes accomplices to the murder by seeing the sword penetrate their bodies, demanded that they be placed in the middle of the arena. To the surprise of all they arose and betook themselves to the place where the people wished them. And first they kissed each other that they might complete their martyrdom by the solemn kiss of peace. The others remained motionless and received the death-blow in silence; much the more Saturus who had already been first to ascend and first to give up the ghost. He was indeed sustaining Perpetua. Perpetua, moreover, that she might have some taste of pain, groaned in the anguish of her broken bones, and herself guided the uncertain hand of a young gladiator to her neck. Possibly so great a woman could not otherwise have died, because she was feared by the unclean spirit unless she had willed her own death.

"O most brave and blessed martyrs! O truly called and chosen for the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ! He who magnifies and adores this ought certainly to read of these no less than the ancient examples of faith for the edification of the Church. These new exhibitions of virtue testify that the same Holy Spirit is even in our own time working, and God Almighty our Father, and His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, to Whom be ascribed renown and measureless power forever and ever. Amen."

Holy Communion

My soul is stilled beyond all understanding,
The King of Peace has come and entered there;
His presence calms my tired, fluttering spirit
And soothes away my sorrow and my care.

His love, bemingled with His grace and blessing,
Holds fast my thankful heart in peaceful rest
And with my clinging thoughts I strive to keep
Him,

As, with a sigh, I clasp Him in my breast.

My soul sighs forth its joyful love and homage,
With deepest thanks unto the Savior King;
That He should deign to visit one so sinful
And to my soul His gracious Presence bring.

O, Jesus! interpenetrate my being
With heavenly sparks of love, to burn in me,
Enkindling flames which spread the fire onward
To light the world with ardent love for thee.

Archconfraternity Comment

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for November, 1925)



HE Intention for November is "The Success of Our Lay Apostolate Movement." As you already know, this great work of the Lay Apostolate in America is now to be taken up in earnest by the Archconfraternity of the Passion.

Heretofore we have asked you members of the Archconfraternity simply to fill your own hearts more and more with love for Jesus Crucified. Henceforth we shall ask you to try to bring others to love Him, especially those in our own country outside the Faith, who, as a body, are getting ever further from Him.

If our monthly meditations on the Passion have meant anything to you, if you have learned from them to love our Divine Redeemer just a little more warmly, then you will coöperate with us in this movement. For, if we love our Blessed Lord, we must want others to love Him. Have you that spirit? *Have you personally ever tried to bring one soul back to Christ Crucified? If not, why not?*

Here in America, as we have seen, are millions drifting further and further from the old Faith of their Fathers, more than half their number not so much as going to church, those who do go finding no Christ upon their altars, being led often by men who do not even believe in Christ's divinity, their children growing up more distant than their parents from Him Who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

Can we be indifferent to all this and still say that we love these poor souls, or love Jesus Christ Who died for them?

You have seen the vast field of work that lies before us in this country among the 100 millions souls outside the Faith. All that we ask you to do is to look about you for one soul that you might be able to lead back to the Divine Lover Who lives in every little tabernacle of His Church. Then, make up your mind that, with God's grace,

you will be the means of bringing that soul to the arms of Our Blessed Lord.

Remember, we do not want you to intrude where you are not wanted. But remember, too, that there are many souls outside simply waiting for you to meet them half-way, to bring them back to our Lord.

Read the outline of how to work with us in this month's Appeal of Jesus Crucified.

Our booklet explaining the movement in detail will soon be ready. We suggest that you spread these booklets as a splendid means of advertising this Lay Apostolate.

AT present a convert class here at our Monastery in Union City is proving that our lay-people can and will bring in converts if encouraged to do so.

Of course, if you live at a great distance, we can work with you only by letter; but we will do this much if you care to work with us. Why not try? You will find the work most fascinating, even though it may be very difficult at times. You will be carrying out the same work for which our Divine Lord came to earth,—the saving of souls. You will be coöoperating, not so much with us, as with Him.

We spoke about the members of the Archconfraternity sending in their names as joining in this movement. But this is not necessary. We feel that every member will work with us, at least by praying with us.

Finally, remember that we want to hear from you personally after you have begun to labor with us. We want to know all about your successes and your failures. Your experience will help someone else. Besides, the number of converts to be credited to the different bands will be duly noted and recorded. Interesting letters will be published in THE SIGN.

Only one thing we do not want to hear, and this is that you are altogether indifferent to this work, that you will not even pray for its success.

THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY OF THE SACRED PASSION

The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion has been generously enriched with indulgences for the living and the dead. The only essential condition for membership is to have one's name registered. There are three degrees of membership. FIRST DEGREE Members make daily Five Offerings of the Precious Blood in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ. SECOND DEGREE Members make the Stations of the Cross once a week, besides saying the prayers of the First Degree. THIRD DEGREE Members make five to ten minutes Meditation daily on the Passion besides saying the prayers of the First and Second Degrees. The SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY of the Archconfraternity consists in a CRUSADE OF PRAYERS and GOOD WORKS for the conversion of China. Membership in the Archconfraternity will increase your personal devotion to Christ Crucified. Send your name for enrollment to THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

The Sense of Proportion

Homely Spiritual Number Five

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL. D.

ESUPPOSE it would be much simpler to call it the sense of humor, which it really is. Only, humor is very much misunderstood these days. Many a man is called humorous when he is merely smart and facetious.

"Fresh" is slangy, but it is the most apt designation of this facetiousness. It is not even wit; it is a kind of cross between humor and wit. It is the quality possessed by the "smart Aleck" which makes him the bane of society. Real humor implies the sense of proportion, the conception of the fitness of things.

It is a very human qualification, human in the true sense of the word, from "Homo"—man. It belongs to man. No dumb animal has it. "Enough to make a horse laugh," is the superlative of the funny, because it is impossible to make a horse laugh. We are told about the laughing hyena, but I suppose his laugh is on the wrong side of his mouth. Many animals are playful, frisky; no doubt they have their own jokes among themselves, and I imagine they are sometimes amused at our folly, but they know nothing of man's sense of humor.

They don't even suspect that man has a sense of humor. They seem always to take him seriously, not perhaps as seriously as he takes himself, an indication that perhaps after all they have some sense of proportion as to what man's sense of proportion about himself should be. But if animals have no sense of humor, they are not much worse off in that respect than many men. It is a human trait, but not necessarily an adjunct to human nature. It is not even general. Even many of us who fancy that we are well supplied with it may not be as wealthy as we want to imagine we are. Mayhap we protest too much. Mayhap if we had so much of it we wouldn't talk so much about it.

But, granting that we have it ourselves, we must admit that, like radium, the supply of it is limited in this world, as limited, say, as sanctity. And when all is said and done, it is not a quality that is foreign to sanctity. I rather think it is essential to it. If any man has a fine sense of proportion it is the saint. He knows relative values. He knows just where he belongs in the eternal scheme of things, taking himself not too seriously but at the

same time knowing that he is of wonderful importance.

The fact of the Incarnation and Redemption shows a man at any rate how God values him. To balance a man's ego, his brain, his soul, between this serious view of life on the one hand and his utter lowliness on the other, requires a pretty good sense of humor. That's where the saint qualifies as an expert. He can aspire to conversation with God while at the same time knowing that he is not worthy to speak His Name; he can lift his head above the clouds while conscious that his feet are sloshing in the mud of earth; he can stand confident at the threshold of Heaven waiting for the gates to open and give him a welcome home while knowing that up to the last second there is a Hell yawning at his feet.

AND any man who believes in the existence of Hell and its possibility for him and yet takes himself too seriously has little vestige of the sense of humor. And again, no saint ever established the personal equation without reference to the possibility of his eternal damnation. Not a joyful subject of meditation, perhaps, but when did humor ever profess to be confined to the pleasant prospects alone? Perhaps one might call it grim humor, but it is humor nevertheless even while one may not find a cheery laugh from the contemplation of it.

St. Paul could be rapt to the seventh Heavens, and then in spite of that favor from God consider himself the offscouring of the earth. He was not a condescender to God, with the thought that God ought to feel elated that He had made such a fine specimen of manhood. He had a good realization of the horrible smug righteousness from which he had been converted. He made no apologies for his good intentions and did not salve his conscience with fine words about not knowing any better when he had been an unregenerate. In spite of all the strictures of certain scripture scholars about Pauline tendencies and Pauline corruption introduced into the religion of Christ, the very term "Pauline Christianity" is a reflection on Paul's honesty and his good sense of humor. Not for him to advise the Lord. He was a humble learner, a zealot for Christ, not for Paul. He knew very well that he was not essential to the God that could raise up

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apostles from the cobblestones of the street.

Very different, indeed, from some converts who talk as if they wondered how the old Church had been able to survive so many centuries without their assistance. So many a convert is hard on those he has left behind, and hard also on those to whom he has come, condemning those for not following him, suspecting these for not rising *en masse* to call him the Defender of the Faith *par excellence*. He wonders how the Catholic-born can take his Faith so calmly; he asserts that only those who were once without the Faith can really appreciate it, scandalized that all do not wear their heart upon their sleeve. Let him appreciate the gift of Faith; he has every reason to bless God, as a beggar who has been saved from starvation, but let him not fancy that the children who have not wandered away from home have less appreciation of the food and clothes and shelter that have been lovingly supplied them all the years by a kind Father.

A man that is always prating about his love for his mother is apt to be a bore. That thing is not done. It is taken for granted as a matter-of-fact thing, beautiful as it is, in the heart of every decent man. There are some things too sacred to be reduced to words, and love for one's mother is one of them. Actions speak louder than words. It applies to Mother Church as well as to more human mothers. I don't think the Prodigal Son starred himself when he came back home. I imagine he felt a bit shame-faced, and just kept silently congratulating himself that he had been given a return trip. *He* was not the star of the performance, but the old father who wiped his boy's slate clean. If I know anything about brothers, I know they would have put the wanderer in his proper place if he had insinuated that the whole ménage would have gone to smash if he had not come back in the nick of time.

LET us hope he had sense of humor enough to save him from that error. If it was a big family,—the Gospel mentions only one brother—be sure he had a sense of humor in spite of himself. There is nothing like brothers and sisters for keeping you in your place and preserving you from the swelling in the head that crowds out the sense of proportion.

The marvel with every one of us should be that God tolerates us at all. We never get beyond the condition of "unprofitable servants." With that Christian conviction, with that ability to estimate ourselves half justly—for none of us would ever believe what rotters we actually are—there is begotten that long suffering and charity to others which you will always find in the man who is

blessed with a good bump of humor. He is never hard on others; he knows he is not without sin and therefore he casts no stone, let alone the first one.

Your saint is hard only on one person—himself. That will keep all his bile busy and none to spare. He knows there is a lot of good in every man; knows that it is but a step from sin to sanctity and from sanctity to sin. He knows that the Magdalen of today may stand tomorrow at the cross with her head on the breast of the Immaculate Mother. He dwells at the opposite pole from the holier-than-thou hypocrite. He knows the philosophy of hope. And in a heart where there is hope there must be laughter.

IT is the corollary of the mercy of God—that in spite of all that has happened there is a light in the home window beckoning to the world-weary children who have wandered far. It is a jubilant belief. It makes us smile at caste, at distinctions of family wealth and family rank, at talent and learning. It is not to the seekers for these worldly glories that the Kingdom of Heaven is promised but to the little children who never even suspect the existence of these things. And only when a man finally realizes that, can he congratulate himself that he has his share of the sense of humor.

Above the Hudson

By ELEANOR ROGERS COX

Here, a bright enchanted hill
Set upon the river's lip,
Lays its magic on the will,
Bids the hours unnoticed slip.

While the world-tost spirit finds
From its frets divine surcease
In the summer-incensed winds,
In the water's rippling peace.

In the white cloud-gardens flung
All along heaven's archéd space,
Past all beauty minstrel-sung,
In its God-reflecting grace.

God-reflecting!—ah, the word
That explains this happiness
Soaring like a singing bird
To the Source of all its bliss.

The APPEAL of JESUS CRUCIFIED



WEAPONS OF THE LAY APOSTOLATE

PRAYER

JIt should not be necessary to insist on the necessity of prayer. Our Lord Himself has told us that without Him we can do nothing, which means that without prayer we can do nothing, for prayer is simply the union of our minds and hearts with Him. Thus, in your daily prayers, especially in your offerings of the Precious Blood, remember some soul outside the Faith. Pray particularly at the foot of the Cross. There your hearts will be fired with desire to bring souls to our Divine Savior, there, looking at His terrible sufferings and listening to that awful cry for souls, "I thirst". And there alone will you learn how to bring souls to our Crucified Redeemer, with all kindness, with all patience, with the charity of Christ.

GOOD EXAMPLE

Some time ago I heard a famous preacher speaking of New Methods in Convert Making. After he had told us about the use of the radio, advertising, etc., an old convert arose and reminded us that while all these new methods are very good, still we must not overlook an old means that is absolutely indispensable. And this is simply that each individual Catholic try to set a good example to those immediately about them. He told us how, years ago, he had asked the members of a convert

class time after time what had brought them into the Church, and almost invariably the answer had been "the good example of a Catholic."

"The fact that many souls are hindered from coming into the Church is due in a large degree to the tepidity or indifference or bad behavior of Catholics themselves. Bad Catholics will have to answer not only for their own souls, but for the souls that their evil actions have kept from the Church." *Perhaps your actions have never kept anyone from the Church. But have you ever tried to bring some soul into the Church?* "He that is not with Me" says our Blessed Lord, "is against Me."

We cannot all be apostles for Christ by preaching from the pulpit. But we can and should preach far more eloquent sermons by our lives. We are responsible for the impression that our Faith makes upon others. Upon us it depends whether or not they say, "If this is a type of a good Catholic, I shall not have anything to do with it," or, "Can religion produce such results? What a splendid thing that Faith must be. I wish it would come into my life."

And, of course, the one great lesson of good example we must give is CHARITY. Show those outside that you love your Faith, love one another, and love them, and that it is because you love them that you want them to come back to the arms of their Divine Lover Who lives among us, just as He has lived among His

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children, our forefathers and their's for 1900 years.

It was this good example of charity among the early Christians which brought the pagans in droves into the Church. "See" they said, "how these Christians love one another." And today you will find that comparatively most of our converts are made in Catholic hospitals, where non-Catholics see Catholic nuns giving heroic examples of the charity of Christ.

"Whenever," writes H. L. Mencken, "the Ku Klux Klan encounters a man who has ever been ill in a Catholic hospital, it runs upon a snag and gets a hole knocked in its bottom." Why? Because our nursing sisters show forth the charity of Christ. Cannot we try to do likewise? Cannot we try to look beyond the perhaps unattractive exterior of someone outside the Faith, see beneath that exterior the soul for which Jesus Christ gave His life, the soul made to His own Image and Likeness, and try to win that soul to ourselves and then to Him? Remember, "Whatever you do to the least of My brethren, you do it unto Me."

Man resists force, reasoning, science, talents,— everything; but if someone does him a good action, he will yield. His eyes are opened. His heart is melted. His prejudices collapse. Not all at once. But sooner or later, love will be triumphant. And who is not able to give the good example of love?

LENDING A HELPING HAND WHERE A HELPING HAND IS WANTED

AS we have remarked, many outside the Faith do not want a helping hand. They are not in our field of work. We must not intrude where we are not wanted. Yet, we repeat, there are millions about us looking for the light, looking for our Lord, often without knowing just what it is that they want. *And here precisely is where so many otherwise good Catholics fail. They never think of lending a helping hand to these poor souls.*

And this is strange, indeed.

If you should see someone struggling for his life in the angry waters of a storm-swept sea, and could lend a helping hand, surely you would do so. Yet many of us never think of doing this for those about us who are struggling for their spiritual lives in the turbulent waters of modern unbelief and scepticism, which are dragging them and their children with ever-increasing velocity into the black whirlpool of modern paganism.

You might say that your non-Catholic neighbor does not ask for your help. But if you look about you and try to meet them half-way, you will be surprised to find how many do want your help,

though naturally shy about asking for it. But if they see you utterly indifferent about stretching out a hand to them, they must conclude that you do not consider your position any better than their's, or at least that you do not love them.

"We Catholics," says Admiral Benson, with great truth, "shut ourselves up in ourselves." "We have the truth. We are safe. Let the rest of the world look out for themselves."

How many times, when asking converts why they had not come into the Church sooner, the answer has been, "Nobody ever invited me."

A FEW WAYS OF LENDING A HELPING HAND

1. Bring your friend to an inspiring church-service.

2. Spread Catholic Literature.

3. Answer Questions about your Faith. If you cannot do so, look them up, or offer to introduce your friend to a priest. Explain that this does not imply coming into the Church. Impress upon them the truth of Macaulay's remark that in these days of religious unrest and turmoil, there is no institution so worthy of serious examination as is the Catholic Church. *Above all, when asked questions about your Faith, show that you are interested, that you love that Faith, and want others to know and love it.*

You might say that you have not time to study your religion. But remember, the great central truths of your Faith are quite simple. Jesus Christ was God, Jesus Christ established the Catholic Church, and He teaches through that Church and lives with it just as He promised to do "all days, even to the consummation of the world." Yes, there are bad Catholics, and always will be, but they give us no more reason for deserting Christ, than Judas would have given the Apostles cause for leaving their Divine Master. And in leaving the Church we would desert Christ, for He still lives with that Church.

Many outside have the idea that the Church is like a great political institution, run by the Pope and Bishops and priests. We must show them that this is untrue. The simple beauty of our Faith is that, what keeps the Church together is not man, but God, Jesus Himself, Who lives among us in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, as He has done for 1900 years. Take Him away from us; and all the Popes and Bishops and priests who ever lived could not keep the Church together for five minutes.

Surely, then, you can at least show others that Catholic life means simply living with our Divine Lord as their own forefathers did before the break from the old Faith, and that we want them and their children to come back to that life.

OUR JUNIOR READERS



All Souls

By AMY SCAMMAN

To-day I think of a friendless one
Awaiting sweet release,
With none whose prayer would hasten him
Unto the Abode of Peace.

And then my thoughts to another turn
Amid the saving fire,
Because most near of all to God,
Most tortured by desire.

Anon another came to mind
And sought my special prayer:
I pleaded for God's mercy
On the youngest captive there.

For youth as well as age may yield
Betimes to passions wild,
And none may see the Vision fair,
In garments still defiled.

A Martyr's Diary

FROM inscriptions on ancient monuments and from other records, we know that the early Christians showed their fond remembrance for the departed by praying for the repose of their souls. In the record of the martyrdom of Saints Perpetua and Felicitas this narrative by an unknown martyr is preserved.

"A few days later, while we were all at prayer, a voice escaped me, and I named Dinocrates; this surprised me, as I had never thought of him before then, and I was filled with grief at the memory of his sad lot. And I at once understood that I

was worthy, and that I ought to pray for him. And I began to pray much for him, and to lament unto the Lord. Then, in the same night, this was shown to me in a vision. I beheld Dinocrates going out from a darksome place, where were many others with him, heated and thirsting exceedingly, with his countenance filthy and of a pallid color, and with the wound which he had in his face when he died. This Dinocrates was my brother, who, when seven years old, died sadly of a cancer in the face, so that his death moved all men to pity. For him I had prayed; and between me and him there was a great chaos, so that we could not come nigh unto each other. There was, moreover, in the very place where Dinocrates was, a pond full of water, the margin of which was higher than the boy's height, and Dinocrates was stretching himself upwards, as if he would drink. I sorrowed that the pond contained water, and yet, on account of the margin, the boy was not to drink. I then was roused to consciousness and understood that my brother was burdened. But I was confident that my prayer would avail him in his trouble, and I prayed for him daily, until we passed to the army-prison. There we were about to battle at the wild beast show. It was then the day on which Geta had been made emperor. By night and by day I prayed with sighs and tears that my brother might be given unto me. On the day on which our limbs were fastened, this was shown to me: I beheld that that place which heretofore I had seen darksome, was light, and Dinocrates enjoying refreshment, with his body clean; and well clothed. And where the wound was I observed a scar, and that pond which I had before seen, with the margin lowered to the boy's middle, and he was drawing water from it without ceasing, and upon the margin was a cup full of water and Dinocrates approached and began to drink out of it. And, when satisfied, he withdrew from the water to play, sporting with joy as an infant, and I awoke. I then understood that he had been removed out of punishment."

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Some Thanksgiving Workers

By Frank Herbert Sweet.

"Now what do you think of that?"

The speaker, Flora Dermott, stopped at the summit of the hill and pointed a dramatic finger down the slope. The others crowded forward. There were twenty or more of them, young people of the high school, relatives home for Thanksgiving, and visitors.

Off to the right, around a spur of the slope, was a glittering flat surface. The young people carried skates in their hands or strapped together and hung over their shoulders. As their eyes followed the pointing of Flora some of them put mitten hands or muffs to their ears. Several of the young men slapped their arms vigorously for warmth.

"Well, I think," said Huge Craig, answering the question, "that the old party would better hobble back to her cabin if she doesn't want to freeze. Hasn't got even a sunbonnet on her head, and that fluttering calico looks as if it was made for July instead of winter."

"Those little pats she's dabbing on the stick would not keep a hot-water bottle warm. Ugh! it makes me cold to look at her. I could chop wood better than that myself."

"If there's a boy round that cabin I'd like to be the one to duck him," blazed out a boy suddenly, "or tie him to an axe-handle worked by a motor. Why, that old woman looks as though she's a hundred. See, she can't begin to stand up straight when she stops to rest."

Flora's hand swung a little one way and then the other.

"See anything coming from the top of that little stick-and-mud chimney at the end of the cabin?" she asked. "Also note the two mites over by that clump of trees. What sort of story do you make out of them?"

"Oh, Flora Dermott, please, please don't hatch up another of your fool charities just as we're fixed for a good time," entreated a big girl. "It's pitiful, of course, and I'm sorry. That's all. Now let's hurry on to the lake."

A frail-looking, big-eyed girl was gazing down anxiously.

"To-morrow's Thanksgiving," she murmured, "and the two mites are trying to provide a dinner, with such a slim chance of succeeding. And warmth and and possible cooking depends on the feeble efforts of those withered old hands to use the axe. Maybe the real provider is sick or disabled, and everything has suddenly devolved on them; or perhaps there isn't any provider."

"We'll go together, Molly," cried Flora Dermott. "And now," turning to the others, "I'd like for all of you to enlist under my orders for the rest of the day."

Several of the boys and the athletic girl threw up their right hands in salute.

"We're ready to take orders, general," they cried, and the girl added, "Put me on special drudgery for my foolish speech just now."

"Good for you. All right. Hugh, you're a quarter-back and our muscular member. Have you an axe at home?"

"Yes, and it is sharp and strong enough to put the old lady out of work for the rest of the winter," grinned the boy.

"Good! Now suppose you pick out a squad of four or five boys to chop in your way. The rest of you boys take the provision part to heart. Tom Greber, your father has a grocery store. Have a little talk with him, and then bring along a small sack of flour,

or potatoes, or anything. Bring something, all of you boys. You have things in the cellar or pantry that can be spared—"

"Pardon," broke in Bee. "Suppose the boys bring uncooked provisions; while we girls divide into squads, bringing things ready to eat, clothing, comforts. I'll get some shoes and stocking from father's store."

"Wait a minute," called one of the boys. "Don't you think I'd better stand here till you get to the cabin. Maybe something's the matter down there. My father's a doctor, and if he's needed you step out to the corner and wave a handkerchief. I'm a good sprinter and can make a mile in twelve minutes."

Bee went straight to her father. He owned land on the slope and might know something about the occupants of the cabin. They had a frank talk. He did own land out there, owned the cabin itself, and both were of little value. She found there was a man at the cabin, and something had happened to him.

On the way back Bee was joined by Tom Greber. Tom was walking along with his hands in his pockets, whistling.

"Why, Tom Greber," Bee exclaimed, "where's your flour, or potatoes, or something?"

"The other fellows are loaded up with theirs," Tom explained calmly. "No use to congest the cabin. I got a piece of paper. But where's your plunder?"

"I got a piece of paper," coolly.

"Huh!" Tom commented.

"Huh!" echoed Bee, not to be outdone.

Tom relaxed enough to grin, and drew out his paper. It was a credit for six months' groceries, each month not to exceed fifteen dollars.

Bee drew out her paper, and they compared them.

"How'd you do it, Bee?" asked Tom wonderingly.

"Put my arms around daddy's neck."

Tom groaned. "And I had to promise all my next summer's vacation in the store," he complained. "Dad said he'd put in his half, and reckoned my vacation's work would be worth about the other half. Tough luck I say."

"Oh, I don't know," pitilessly. "You're a natural loafer, Tom. Do you good."

"All right, missy, all right," gloomily. "Next time we cross trails in the drug store you'll pay for your own soda."

As they approached the cabin, the doctor came out. Percy and Flora were with him.

"He broke his leg, and it might have been a bad case but for you young people stopping at the cabin," the doctor was saying. "They had no one to send for me, as the oldest of the children is but five, and the grandmother couldn't walk far. The man has been lying there for two days suffering. But thanks to you young people, they are going to have a very thankful Thanksgiving."

"The only thing that worried him was three months' rent due, which he had promised to meet," said Flora. "He pays three dollars a month for the cabin, but says times have been bad the past year. No, doctor," as the physician's hand went toward his pocket, "I'm going to do this. I had only fifty cents with me, but I shall bring out the rest. The man declares he'll pay me back when—"

"I come in here," interrupted Bee, producing her deed for the cabin and an acre of land. "This covers the next point."

"And mine the living side till the leg gets well," grinned Tom, showing his piece of paper. "Take 'em in, Flora. They're your find."

"Take them in yourself," laughed Flora, her eyes shining. "But I'll escort you two. Come on."

And the three disappeared into the cabin.



The Sisters of Shenchowfu - - - The Trip to Yungshunfu - - - Gemma's League

The Sisters of Shenchowfu SISTERS OF CHARITY

SINCE our arrival here, we have been kept busy unpacking our baggage and attending to the sick. We had many cases to care for, owing to the spread of the famine. Recently a leper came to the infirmary,—his foot seemed to be just eaten away and his large toe was ready to drop off. What it looked like can better be imagined than described. While dressing his wound, Sister Finan wanted to know who the Saints were who attended lepers. The poor creatures are covered with sores. A large hospital is badly needed here.

On the twenty-fifth of July, Father Paul baptized an infant, the first baptism at the convent, and gave the child the name of Mary Xavier, in memory of Mother Mary Xavier.

August 2d. This is Sunday, but from all appearances it might be any other day in the week. We were more busy today than we have ever been. The dispensary patients are increasing. The famine victims are arriving and crowd around the Mission gates daily. The sight would certainly move your heart. Among these beggars you can see the blind, the lame, the starved, and others covered with every kind of sores. We see these poor unfortunates every day, and you can judge from this how many opportunities we shall have of showing these poor creatures that the Catholic Church is really a Mother to all men.

We went to visit an old woman who was crippled with rheumatism. The place we entered could never be described. The room was not large enough to be called a closet. No light, no window, was anywhere to ventilate the place. When we came in, she was lying on the floor, her only bed. We managed to get her up and

brought her out into the store, into the light and air. A large crowd soon gathered round eager to find what the foreigners were going to do with this old woman. We could not tell them to go away, for they are rather sceptical and entertain all kind of fears when foreigners attend to the sick. We paid no attention to them. This woman was a pagan, but her daughter was attending the doctrine classes at the Mission. We prayed all during the visit that the Sacred Heart would give her the same grace. She was a very sweet old woman, and manifested deep gratitude for our kindness to her.

As this visit took considerable time, it was nearly six o'clock when we returned to the Convent. We are still a source of curiosity to the natives, but so far they have been very respectful to us. They do not know what to think of us. Even the children in the school are asking different questions. One said we had beads like the priests, and of course wanted to know if we could do all they did. Father Paul had given them a sermon about us before our arrival, but as usual some have to ask.

The Benediction services on Sunday afternoons always bring us back to Convent Station, and we pray that more of the Sisters will soon join us in this field so ripe for the harvest, for Our Lord's own charity, for the redemption of many souls.

Nothing of exceptional interest happened on August 3d. We spent some time in answering letters and attending to the sick. Sometimes the thought comes to us we are not doing anything, but Father Dominic encourages us by saying we can do wonders as soon as we take charge of the schools. Sister Finan baptized an infant left at the compound. We are all anxious to have this privilege. We went over to visit the sick children in the school, and did what we could



THE "CHIMES" FOR MORNING PRAYER. NOTE DRUM. (SIN SI PIN MISSION)

to make them patient, comfortable, and happy.

August 4th. This is the feast of St. Dominic. We were busy preparing a nice dinner for Father Dominic. The natives cook half the food and we tried to give him a tasty meal. Most of the Christians attended his Mass, and afterwards went to the house to offer him their gifts and congratulations. About nine o'clock the fire-crackers were shot off in abundance, some of them coming over into our compound. The noise could be heard all over the place. While we were preparing the meal, Father Dominic came over to give each of us a souvenir. We are never forgotten. When we sent the food over to the Fathers, the boys came back with meat, cake, and peanuts. So we had a feast also. Upon opening the package Father had left, we found there were beautiful crucifixes for each one of us, standing ones for our tables.

August 5th. Today has been exciting in more ways than one. The baby recently left at the Mission was sent over to us for temporary care. The poor child has cried incessantly all day, even though we have done every thing possible for it. It is too young to be taken away from its mother, but now since it has been baptized, it must be kept here. After breakfast, the infant could not be found anywhere. The mother in the meantime had stolen it, because she found out we were not going to pay her for nursing it. That was her reason for leaving the baby at the Mission. Father Paul caught her at this trickery and discovered she was the child's mother. The mother is not a Christian, but she told Father Paul she was anxious to study doctrine; a mere blind to get the child. For safe

keeping, Father Paul asked us to take care of the little one for a time.

The Fathers brought in today a leper whose face was eaten away, no feature left on it except an opening which we suppose was his mouth. It was a repulsive sight, - no eyes, no nose. Even his body was covered with sores and scales of this loathsome disease. It was a good meditation, for one could not help remembering Our Blessed Lord's comparison of this disease and sin. This leper of course was a beggar, and was being led around by a small boy. Before leaving our Compound, the child gave him a bowl of rice, and it was pitiable to see the poor man trying to put the rice into the small opening called his mouth.

Next came the opium victim. Sister returned rather late. Father Dominic had been called on the case, and was there trying to revive the unfortunate woman. He sent for Sister Finan. It was a case of suicide, and being a Christian and a member of the Mission, Father Dominic was most anxious she would recover. I have not heard anything more about the matter, but merely know that Sister Finan went to see her this afternoon. She will probably succeed in saving the woman's life.

August 5th. This day a year ago will ever be in our minds. We can hardly believe a whole year has passed since our departure from convent. We can show nothing for it. Perhaps the coming year will be more fruitful. This morning we had a heavy downpour of rain which lasted for some time. We had Mass in our own Chapel, as Father Dominic did not want us to go over to the church in such weather. They

HAVE PITY, AT LEAST YOU. CHINESE CHILDREN ASK FOR FOOD

are indeed thoughtful. We have Mass only once a week in the Convent. On the other days we go over to the church, because, if we did not, the natives would think we did not attend daily Mass.

Four of the young priests left today to go on their Missions. Last evening they came over to say farewell,—it was like another departure ceremony,—only we realize now what they are going to face and how hard it will be for them. They have been an edification to all of us. Did I ever tell you that one of the priests taught his boy a few words in English? One day as we were returning from the girls' school, he stopped us and said: "you are the naughtiest girl in town. No, I am not a girl, I am a boy." If you heard him trying to get his tongue around these words, you certainly would have enjoyed it.

The foundling asylum is increasing. This morning Father brought in another waif that was left behind the door of the Mission. It was found in all that rain without any clothing and just covered with dirt. We shall have to be begging for baby clothes from the States, if we receive any more of them. This one has not yet been baptized. A call came in today for a couple of us to go over to the school and show the children how to clean up. The Chinese girls

have beautiful hair, but like other children they can not take care of it. So we are doing what we can to help them. Some are afflicted, and it requires skill and treatment.

August 7th. The same routine has taken place today and there is nothing particularly interesting. The heat is getting worse and we are fairly withering away. The babies are keeping us quite busy. The patients at the dispensary are increasing and take up much time. When we start school, we have been told that we can do nothing but attend to school matters. It seems like a gigantic undertaking, so we ask you to re-double your prayers when we commence our work. We had Mass today in our Chapel; it was raining too hard to go out to the church.

Our thoughts these days are traveling frequently to Convent. We received a few letters, but we are glad to offer Our Blessed Lord something for His wonderful care of us during our trip. We also received a letter from the Sisters of Loretto, who are at Hanyang. They had to go to Kuling during the anti-foreign riots at Hankow. We were fortunate in getting out in time. We had Benediction this evening, and supper after it, for the dispensary patients delayed us. We had visitors today, and it was a penance,



"ALL HAIL—THE BABES OF CHINA!" MANY OF THESE TOTS HAVE DIED FROM STARVATION.
(MISSION SCHOOL—SIN SI PIN)

REMEMBER THOSE WHO SUFFER AND THEY WILL OBTAIN MERCY FOR YOU



FATHER ANTHONY MALONEY, C. P., PUTS OUT TO "SEA." (FR. ANTHONY STANDING)

for it seems to be the hottest day we have had in China since our arrival. A little child in church took pity on me this afternoon at Benediction and started to fan me. All the natives carry fans. I was truly grateful.

August 11th. This is the beginning of our fourth week in Shenchow. One of the little babies became ill today, but Sister Finan knew what to do and she quickly improved. We were afraid the child might die, even though it would be better off, we did not want to see her die under our care. Sister Electa brought in many books on the care of babies, and as a result we hope to make them one hundred per cent. We had rain all afternoon. Although it did not cool the atmosphere, it is always a blessing here. The days are getting hotter. We received a few letters today from the States. If you could see us devouring these letters, you would appreciate how much they are treasured.

August 12th. It has been raining all day; in fact, it has been raining steadily since last evening. This will help the rice fields, and we trust the famine conditions will soon pass away. Father Paul today brought us over to the girls' school, when they were practicing for the choir. They have a little organ in one of their classrooms. It must be difficult to teach them the hymns, as they are accustomed to their own peculiar sounds. Father Dominic was also there and seemed much pleased.

We had a patient today, who fell from the boys' school. She was more dazed than hurt. The women in this section work just like the men, so that accounts for having women brick-layers. It does go against us when we see these young girls thus employed. More women are working now than they ever did. When the soldiers pas-

sed through Shenchowfu last winter, they took with them all the men they could find and obliged them to carry their baggage. Hence, there was nothing else could be done. The women took up the work left by the men.

The babies are still thriving. They have now a Chinese woman to look after them. But we have to be watchful, for the natives can not be trusted. They would give the babies the same amount of food they would eat themselves. Sister Loretta was on her way to the school this afternoon when a woman presented her with another baby. Sister told her to bring to the Priests' Compound. Father Paul attends to such matters. He prefers to have boys left rather than girls. When the girls grow up, they are usually left on their hands. It is hard to get some one to marry them. Very seldom boys are abandoned. They think too much of them.

August 13th. It rained quite a little today, and Sister Patricia Rose remarked the streets were "pure mud." However the rain and mud did not prevent us from our works of charity. We went out to a few "hai ping tih ren," or as you would call them sick people. On our way a chicken became somewhat bewildered and started to fly up at us. You can imagine how that affected us. It was difficult to decide which made the louder noise,—the chicken or ourselves. As we were carrying a gray and green umbrella, Sister Loretta said the chicken was after the green. One of the patients did not want to see us. If the medicine does not cure them quickly, they usually go back to their Chinese drugs and refuse to see you. This patient is a pagan and we did have hopes of converting her. Our next patient treated us with more courtesy, presenting us with a cup of tea, which Maria politely refused

THE CHINESE MISSIONARIES SACRIFICE EVERYTHING. CAN YOU DO SOMETHING

for us. She always tells anyone who offers anything to us that we do not eat when we are out. We had to pass through a very narrow dark alley to get to some of the patients. They are very grateful for the least kindness shown them. It is some worry and work trying to avoid the domestic animals in the houses as much as on the streets.

Friday, August 14th. When the children today were having singing lessons, we went over to the school to see what progress they were making. Father Paul thinks that when we are present, they are more attentive and anxious to sing well. During the singing, a chicken strutted proudly across the room and demonstrated his ability in crowing. Children are the same the world over, for they were greatly amused at this incident and immediately became restless. It is a joy to be with them, as they are usually very attentive, earnest, and respectful. A few baptisms took place today, as it was the vigil of the Assumption. Before all the great feasts, there is always a class ready for Baptism. The sick came in large numbers this morning to the dispensary. Father Dominic came over to the Convent to inform us that he was going to visit one of the near missions. He is so interested in his work among the people that it instills greater zeal in us to hear him speak of it.

August, 15th. This being the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we had two Masses,—one at six thirty and the other at

eight. Quite a number received Holy Communion at both Masses. After Mass they came over to wish us a happy feast. Firecrackers were again in evidence. They certainly do celebrate the various feasts. The children sang for Benediction in the afternoon, and did very well with the hymns. The mail from the States came today, and the letters we received add very much to the happiness of the day.

Sunday August 16th. We are just as busy today as during the week. The sick people come as usual. After the Masses, we had to give our whole attention to them. Sister Patricia prepared a tasty dish for our supper. One of the help, a Chinese girl, went right up to the table and gazed at it in amazement. Real, real simplicity. They think nothing of walking to any place in the house and examining anything they see. Chinese politeness you may call it. Father Paul told us a story of Chinese etiquette that made us laugh. The priests were longing for some candy and were delighted when their Chinese hosts brought some out for refreshments. He took only a little. However, he took the whole dishful afterwards as a sign that he appreciated their kindness and liked their candy. Such is Chinese courtesy. You should take away with you anything you like.

It has rained again today, but we are thankful for it, as it has cooled the temperature. We are all fine and enjoying our new home and are in the best of care.



A MEMORY OF LONG AGO WHEN RICE WAS PLENTIFUL. NOTE HEAVY 'ROPE' OF BOLOGNA IN UPPER LEFT CORNER AND THE COOK WHO IS "READING" HIS SHIRT. (FR. RAPHAEL'S MISSION)

CONVERT CHINA TO THE LOVE OF CHRIST BY YOUR PRAYERS AND GENEROUS GIFTS

The Trip to Yungshunfu

FATHER BASIL BAUER, C. P.

OUR year of studying the Chinese language at Shenchow was completed with the end of the school term. All of us were waiting anxiously for the time, for we were then to be assigned to our future missions. Father Dominic, however, was then accompanying the Sisters on their second and successful attempt to reach Shenchow. We were expecting news of them every day, and finally when it came, it was the old story of too many bandits in the way.

After a day or two of visits to the General, Father Paul at last succeed in getting an escort of one hundred and seventy soldiers. He sent Fathers Raphael and Gregory with them to go and meet Father Dominic. They met Father Dominic and the Sisters at night about thirty-four miles above Tao Yuan. They continued the journey with the convoy of seven hundred boats, but after two days the Fathers agreed the rest of the way could be made in safety and accordingly went ahead leaving the slow convoy. The hundred and seventy soldiers all armed marched along the banks during the day, and at night camped near the boats making it impossible for any of them to get into danger.

The 12th of July will ever be a memorable day in the lives of the Sisters, in the history of Shenchow Mission and in the whole Prefecture for it was on that day they arrived safely at the scene of their future labors. I had been with the Sisters for several months at Hankow, and now could hardly believe they were in Shenchow, where they had been longing to be for the past year. The devil did all in his power to prevent their entrance into this part of China. The day they arrived, one of the boatmen fell overboard and was carried down stream quite a distance before being rescued. In fact, Sister Finan declared there was not a day in which something did not happen to retard their progress. They spent thirty days in making a trip that ordinarily can be made in ten. Is it any wonder they were happy to reach their new home.

After the arrival of the Sisters, our old anxiety returned to find out where and when we were to go to the other missions. It was too hot to do much studying, almost a hundred in the shade, and the humidity made it feel like a hundred and twenty. Three days passed, and the glad news was out. Fathers Jeremias and Cyprian were assigned to Chenki. Father Godfrey was to be assistant at Supu, and Father Clement was to go to Kienyang. Fathers Anthony and Theophane were appointed for Paotsing, Fathers William and Rupert were placed in charge of Luki.

Fathers Gregory and Ernest were to assist Father Timothy at Yuanchow, and Father Terence and myself were destined for Yungshunfu.

Father Terence and myself were the first to leave Shenchowfu. As Father Raphael had come down to Shenchow to buy rice, he was anxious to return to Paotsing as soon as possible and as Yungshun happens to be in the same direction, we left with him on the Sunday after the Sisters' arrival. The trip from Shenchow to Yungshun furnishes all the excitement that anyone would desire. There is hardly two miles without rapids in the river. Danger is present at every rapid: if a rope breaks, all or most of the baggage and supplies will be damaged if not destroyed; there is a continual strain on the nerves. There is one place a mile long that can only be described as one rapid after the other. When the men pulling the boat reach the end, they are completely exhausted. After such strenuous pulling, they can eat anything. Two, three, and four bowls of rice, steamed, and flavored with a little meat or fish or vegetables scarcely satisfies them, and after a pull at one of their long pipes they start in again to pull the boat. The Chinese coolie is one of the best eaters in the world, and certainly one of the fastest. If pie-eating contests were staged over here, the coolie would win every time; there would not be enough pies in the world.

At one of the rapids we were within a few inches of smashing our boat. We were at the right side of the river, and the men were on the same side pulling the bamboo cable. As soon as we got into the rapid current, in less than half a minute we were pushed aside nearly thirty feet and stopped frightfully near an immense rock in the river. The stop was so sudden that we thought the boat was going to turn completely over. At this rapid most of the passengers get off. Our servants and boys got off. I wanted to get all the excitement there was in it, so Fathers Raphael, Terence, and myself remained in the boat.

We were to leave the boat at a place called Wangshun and from there go overland to Paotsing. Before reaching that city, the river widens out and for two miles the sailing is fine. Our boat carried no sail, so we had to fasten a rope to one of the soldiers' boats and thus made good time, reaching the place at dusk. Wangshun is one of Father Raphael's out missions; and Father Anthony was here to greet us. No, he was not at the river bank, but in the town. Father Raphael had written to him that we would be there on that day, but as dusk came on, Father Anthony concluded we could not make it before the morrow and returned to his lodging. So it was necessary for us to send him word of our arrival.

PRAYERS AND ALMS HELP THOSE IN PURGATORY AND THE CHINESE POOR



JUST A TINY PARISHIONER OF THE PASSIONIST MISSION AT SIN SI PIN

Father Raphael knew what was before us and did not volunteer to go hunting for Father Anthony. Instead he warned us that we had never seen a city like that of Wangshun, and that we would find very few like it. Despite his warning I ventured to find the mission, and before I got to it I climbed over nine hundred and seventy steps. The city is built literally on the side of a mountain. The main street is really one long stairway, bounded by houses, and very few side streets. We were barely able to see the steps, and every one of them was at least a foot high.

Father Anthony was delighted beyond measure to see us, and after a short stay with him we returned to the boat. He was anxious too for our comfort and wanted to see Father Raphael. If the road going up was bad, the trip downward was still more so. We had no lantern, and had

to feel our way all the time back to the boat. Here and there a light would give some help, but most of the time we had to rely on our canes.

On the following morning we said Mass at the Mission, but first came that awful climb. Our baggage had to be taken off the boat, so that I had to make the steps twice.

Father Raphael left that morning for Paotsing, and Fathers Anthony, Terence, and myself prepared for the trip to Yungshun. All day the coolies were fixing their poles and weighing the baggage, and getting provisions for the cross country run. Early on the following morning we started out accompanied by forty soldiers whom we had hired to protect the baggage from bandits. We did not fear the bandits ourselves, but the baggage was in danger. It was a trip of one hundred and five li, or between thirty five and forty English miles. A stronghold of the bandits was about thirty miles from Wangshun, so we stayed with the soldiers and the baggage until we passed that place. Then we hurried ahead to make Yungshun that same day. We knew the men could not make it, so we left them to take their time.

After traveling twenty miles, we stopped for dinner; a bowl of rice, an egg apiece, and some spring water. The mules had some rest before we started on the last lap of the journey and the hardest part. So far we thought we had done some mountain traveling, but it was nothing compared to what was ahead of us. Rounding a bend, we came in sight of a very steep gorge. It was in truth a beautiful sight. We were expressing our wonder and admiration, when Father Anthony checked our asthetic outbursts by telling us to get ready for the climb down and for the climb up on the other side. We were near the top of a very high mountain, and straight down below us was this gorge through which a stream wended its way with scarcely a sound. "Is there no other way around this canyon?" I asked Father Anthony. "None," he said, "this stands between you and Yungshunfu." It was the river that further up passed within a few hundred feet of the Mission, but to follow its course would mean a full day of traveling. If we took that way, we would have to make the descent anyhow.

Well, the first thing was to dismount. No mule in the world could safely carry one down that steep stairway. Stairs they were. Slippery stone steps worn glassy by generations of Chinese travelers, zigzagging back and forth, and the mules found it difficult to keep their footing. It seemed as though we would never get to the bottom of the gorge. From the top of the stairway, one might

HAVE PITY! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MUST MEAN TO GO HUNGRY.

CATHOLIC CHINESE PRAY DAILY FOR MISSIONARIES AND THEIR FRIENDS.

think a good jump would bring him to the other side, but in reality the river was twenty feet wide. A sampan was there near the foot of the steps, and the boatman came to me and bowed profoundly, and said he had no money nor rice. I did not believe a word he said, but knowing that our baggage had to be carried over and that he would get very little for his work, I gave him the equivalent of three American cents.

I had been riding Brother Lambert's mule, and as soon as we came to the sand, down she went saddle and all for a good roll. We had no trouble in getting the mules into the boat and were soon on the opposite shore for the climb upward. It was the longest and steepest climb I ever made in my life. Up, Up, and Up, and we thought the top would never come. Near the top we came upon a house and asked for some spring water. None to be had. We asked for tea, but they had none. So on we went until we came to another house. Here we found water and bought some small plums. When we resumed our journey, it was a continual climb up and down the mountains till we came in sight of Yungshunfu.

The way down to the valley was not so steep as some other places we had passed, but we had to stop for a time to give the mules a rest. It was not long. From the opposite side of the valley we noticed a heavy mist gradually rising and making its way towards us. We knew it meant rain, and neither Father Terence nor myself had rain coats with us. We started to hurry, but it was evident the rain was coming on us more and more quickly. There was no place to take shelter, so on we went. It was still a full half hour's ride to the Mission. We made little progress when the rain came down like a torrent.

We were drenched by the rain, and our shoes were full of water. Had we been thrown into

a river, we could not have felt it more. Just before entering the city, the boys of the Mission disregarding the rain, came out to meet us.

Our baggage arrived the next day. We now began to settle down for good. That trip from Shenchow to Yungshun cost us four hundred dollars in gold. It seems strange, but it is true. Before coming to China, I had an idea that everything over here was cheap. Well, many things are and many things are not. If we had the conveniences of America, expenses would be very much lower, but because we have to break our way through, using Chinese customs and Chinese methods, traveling here is very expensive.

Speaking of expenses, this Mission of Yungshunfu is one of the most heavily taxed of all the places in the Prefecture. This happens because there are twenty stations connected with the home Mission. It means plenty of work and demands a great deal of money. With God's help and the generous support of our American benefactors we hope to make this section of Our Blessed Lord's vineyard one of the most Catholic and most devoted parts of His kingdom in China.

Gemma's League

The following list of prayers and good works were offered for the Passionist Chinese Missions during the month of September.

Spiritual Treasury

Masses said	8	Visits to Our Lady	48,815
Masses heard	37,509	Rosaries	47,158
Holy Communions	26,465	Beads of the Seven	
Visits to B. Sacrament	81,983	Dolors	13,311
Spiritual Communions	248,399	Ejaculatory Prayers	10,013,429
Benediction Services	15,396	Hours of Study,	
Sacrifices, Sufferings	218,615	Reading	24,023
Stations of the Cross	20,277	Hours of Labor	74,090
Visits to the Crucifix	80,932	Acts of Kindness,	
Beads of the Five		Charity	100,252
Wounds	6,983	Acts of Zeal	89,758
Offerings of the		Prayers, Devotions	1,225,993
Precious Blood	584,323	Various Works	515,579

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers.

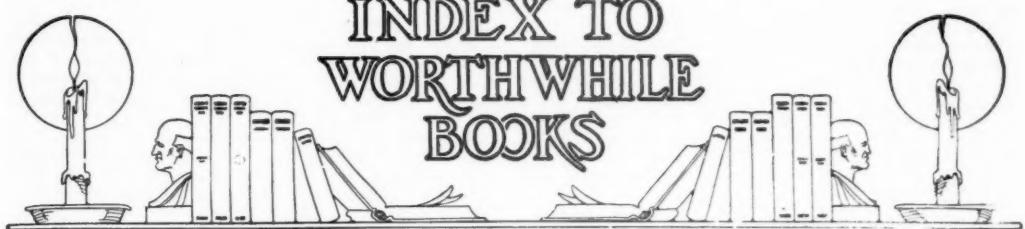
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SISTER SERERINA
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MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.



(ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.)

LE JUBILE HORS DE ROME. By P. J. Lacau, S. C. J. M. E. Marietti, Turin & Rome. Price 1 Franc.

In the Constitution "Apostolico Muneri" the Sovereign Pontiff has legislated for all those who cannot go to Rome for the Jubilee. Pere Lacau in a brochure entitled "Le Jubile Hors de Rome" present a clear and well-defined analysis of the Papal document. The booklet in its three chapters treats respectively of those who may gain the Jubilee indulgences away from Rome; of the conditions they must fulfill; and of the privileges extended to confessors during the Jubilee. The Author interprets the Apostolic Constitution in a broad, yet canonical way, supporting his statements by the most recent Roman pronouncements. We do not hesitate to call it an authoritative work.—K. M.

THE THREE DIVINE VIRTUES. By D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B. Frederick Pustet Co. New York and Cincinnati. Price \$1.50.

This lucid exposition of the theological virtues, and the demonstration of their necessity in every Christian life, has doubtless added to the prestige of Father Lanslots. The book may be read with profit by priests and religious as they already have the requisite mental training for theological works. It may, however be a moot question as to its acceptance and appreciation by the layman. For although the author has evidently endeavored to treat the subject as simply as possible, yet Theology is by its very nature, complex and full of profundities.

To the man of philosophical mind and an acquired faculty for reading good books, this work presents nothing abstruse but on the contrary will be a great aid in mental and moral development. Still by its very nature its popularity will be limited; its appeal will be only to the intelligentsia.

The book is arranged in two parts. The first part, (almost two-thirds of the volume), is devoted to Faith; while the second part is equally divided between the exposition of Hope and Charity. An excellent feature is the arrangement of the Chapters. The captions have been wisely chosen. Moreover the various points have been developed without the Chapters being unnecessarily long—a thing for which the modern reader is grateful. The progression indicates the grasp the author has of his subject at all times, leading the reader along to excellent climax. As the Author says: "To rise above the material world and turn our thoughts to a more excellent order of things—to the very fountain of all knowledge and truth—to the object of all beauty and goodness—to God who alone can satisfy the noblest faculties of intellect and will! That is the purpose of this little book."

There is a temptation to quote extensively, but it can be yielded to only with moderation. Referring to the Vatican Council the Author says: "The Church

far from opposing the study of human arts and sciences, helps and promotes it in various ways. The Church does not ignore or despise the advantages derived from them, to the life of men but she recognizes that as they proceed from God—the Lord of sciences—so if they are properly treated, they will lead men to God with the help of His Grace." All of which is peculiarly applicable at this time, when the "conflict between science and Faith" is so glibly announced by pseudo-scientists.

Again the position of the Church on Faith and Hope is well expressed: "The absolute certitude of Faith can never fail, the certitude of hope may fail accidentally if the necessary conditions are not fulfilled." This is in flat contradiction to the opinion of the Reformers who held that hope was simply and absolutely certain.

The Author by his copious and frequent extracts from the Bible, his references to the Councils of the Church and his quotations from the Fathers, confirms our opinion that he is a theologian and writer of no mean ability—one charmingly devoid of pedantry and blessed with a singleness of purpose in his work, namely to bring souls to God.—K. McC.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST, edited by Dom Roger Hudleston, O. S. B. Benziger Bros. Price \$1.65, net.

This is a modernized version of an ancient English translation of the most excellent and beautiful of uninspired books. The translation was made by Richard Whytford, a Brigitine monk, of Syre House, Isleworth, in the year 1556. This translation has been corrected and brought up to date by Dom Roger Hudleston. Whytford's translation, according to the editor, "is admittedly a free one, but its unquestioned supremacy of style over all other English versions more than makes up for any lack of literal exactness. The glowing fervor of its language has caught the spirit of the original quite wonderfully, and that, after all, is the most important point." We venture to say, however, that it will hardly supplant the well-known translation of Bishop Challoner from the original Latin text.—C. C.

CHRIST IN HIS BRETHREN. By Raoul Plus, S. J. Translated by Irene Hernaman. Benziger Bros. Price \$2.25 net. 207 pages.

This book consists of two parts; Our Common Life In Christ, and The Apostolate of Preaching, Prayer, and Suffering. It is difficult to decide whether Father Plus intended his work principally to bring out the sublime mystery of our common life in Christ, or rather, with this mystery as a basis, to show the far-reaching opportunities we all have to work for the salvation of souls. It is chiefly in view of the latter purpose that we recommend "Christ In His Brethren."

Meditation on the great truth of Christ's Mystical Body, with its consequent laws of union, charity, and

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solidarity among the members of that body cannot fail to impress one with a deeper understanding of what apostolic work means, and of how great extension is the apostolate, not only of exterior work, such as preaching, but also of prayer and suffering and reparation. The author impresses the reader with one thing certainly, and that is, we are going to have an influence on others either for weal or woe. It is Father Plus' ambition to have every convinced Christian act in such a way that his influence will be for the best.

A book such as this would be an inspiration to any group of young men and women who are banded together for the cause of mission work, either home or foreign. The ideal of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade would be all the easier of attainment if the workers perused from time to time a book like "Christ In His Brethren."

We regret to say, however, that the style of the book is very uneven, and the translation in many parts is awkward and in places ungrammatical. The price, too, is very high; over one cent a page.—C. S.

"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (HEB. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors who have contributed to the relief of the famine-stricken in China. May God Himself reward abundantly their generous charity!

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E. \$2; C. H. \$2; N. H. \$1; P. L. \$2; R. H. \$10; M. M. \$2; J. M. \$1; N. J. S. \$2; N. N. F. R. \$1; J. H. R. \$1; M. L. \$1; F. R. K. \$1; F. C. N. \$3; E. R. \$1; J. F. K. \$1; S. M. H. \$10; C. A. B. \$1; J. M. M. \$2; M. J. M. \$5; J. M. G. \$3; H. M. E. \$1; C. A. B. \$1; B. M. S. \$10; H. J. M. \$2; L. S. \$1; T. S. \$2; M. T. \$5; I. M. K. W. \$2; E. B. \$2; M. A. S. \$5; C. A. B. \$2; I. M. M. \$2; J. M. K. W. \$2; A. F. \$1; A. T. C. \$10; M. M. C. \$5; E. M. C. \$2; J. E. I. B. \$1; M. B. \$2; M. L. W. \$1; M. B. \$5; J. H. R. \$5; M. I. S. \$5; W. M. \$3; L. M. H. \$2; R. M. G. \$2; E. D. \$5; G. A. M. \$1; M. L. W. \$1; M. C. \$1; T. O. \$1; M. M. A. \$1; E. A. F. \$1; **North Bergen**, F. C. G. \$1; T. O. \$1; A. L. \$1; J. R. F. \$1; J. R. M. \$5; M. S. V. \$5; M. M. F. \$1; A. L. \$2; G. J. S. \$2; G. J. \$2; J. P. D. \$2; A. E. S. \$2; **Oaklyn**, T. B. L. \$2; **Ogden**, E. M. E. \$1; **Orange**, R. M. G. \$2; S. S. \$2; S. N. \$1; N. N. \$5; D. S. \$5; R. M. C. \$1; S. B. \$2; A. M. C. \$1; L. S. \$1; W. S. \$7; R. C. \$2; G. C. \$2; J. D. \$1; A. M. C. \$1; L. S. \$1; D. D. \$5; G. A. Y. \$5; H. H. \$2; **Passaic**, C. B. \$1; K. D. \$5; M. C. \$2; P. T. H. L. C. \$1; M. A. \$1; A. M. \$2; E. C. \$1; W. L. \$1; M. A. \$1; C. E. \$25; B. B. \$1; O. B. M. \$1; D. I. D. R. S. \$2; L. C. G. \$2; E. G. \$1; J. H. \$1; C. M. N. \$1; C. S. \$1; S. M. P. \$7; T. J. B. \$1; M. M. C. \$5; M. E. M. \$1; J. A. M. \$2; P. K. \$1; B. V. R. \$1; C. F. S. \$1; J. E. M. \$2; J. K. B. \$2; J. M. K. \$1; E. V. L. \$1; C. V. S. \$2; S. M. M. B. \$5; K. C. B. \$2; C. O. N. \$1; A. T. \$5; H. S. \$2; P. F. \$1; **Perth Amboy**, M. B. \$2; A. L. K. \$1; B. M. \$1; K. A. M. \$2; **Philipsburg**, C. M. \$1; **Plainfield**, E. B. M. \$2; **Rahway**, M. C. \$5; M. E. \$2; **Ridgefield**, A. S. S. G. P. C. \$1; M. B. C. \$2.50; F. L. P. \$3; **Roselle**, J. G. \$2; C. T. C. \$1; F. J. \$1; J. M. A. \$5; N. A. E. \$2; A. O. C. \$2; M. M. A. \$1; C. J. B. \$1; E. M. H. \$2; T. D. G. \$2; **Secaucus**, A. E. \$7; P. E. \$1; S. E. \$1; **Saint Isle City**, B. D. \$6; **Sport Hills**, T. S. M. \$10; **South Amboy**, R. N. N. \$1; R. L. \$1; **South Orange**, E. M. \$1; B. M. \$5; M. M. \$10; P. O. C. \$2; G. L. \$1; E. J. B. \$5; J. O. H. \$1; M. M. \$2; T. E. P. \$10; J. W. \$1; M. A. M. \$5; A. M. B. \$1; D. L. F. \$5; A. M. B. \$1; D. L. F. \$5; A. J. H. \$10; C. L. \$5; M. C. \$5; T. F. D. \$5; A. S. \$1; M. F. \$1; P. D. F. \$2; W. A. B. \$2; **Summit**, P. S. \$1; S. J. R. \$5; A. L. \$1; B. B. \$1; M. R. \$1; B. F. \$1; E. M. \$1; B. C. \$1; W. H. \$1; N. L. G. \$1; M. G. H. \$1; N. E. D. \$1; W. H. \$1; B. G. \$1; M. K. \$1; K. E. K. \$1; **Tearneck**, C. B. \$5; **Trenton**, M. A. S. \$1; **Union City**, R. P. P. \$5; M. M. S. \$1; J. J. K. \$6; J. F. B. \$10; R. M. C. \$1; J. J. \$2; C. M. B. \$1; G. S. \$1; J. V. \$1; G. B. \$2; R. F. \$2; P. H. \$1; W. T. J. \$1; R. L. \$5; T. Q. \$1; A. T. \$1; M. A. C. \$5; M. L. \$2; J. J. R. \$1; E. F. \$1; M. T. G. \$1; J. F. S. \$2; D. N. \$2; M. C. \$5; H. G. S. \$2; J. H. G. \$2; M. K. \$2; C. C. \$1; M. F. B. \$1; M. F. K. \$1; P. C. \$1; J. J. R. \$1; A. F. D. \$2; M. E. H. \$2; J. F. M. \$1; J. P. F. \$3; O. P. \$10; M. P. F. \$1; M. K. M. \$5; M. G. P. \$1; J. F. F. \$1; T. P. F. \$3; K. F. \$2; R. F. \$1; E. F. \$2; A. N. \$1; M. H. \$10; B. A. R. \$1; M. L. \$2; F. A. D. \$2; T. R. \$1; O. B. W. \$1; M. J. Y. \$3; F. B. \$1; A. F. M. \$1; J. B. \$2; M. L. M. \$2; J. F. M. \$5; F. J. B. \$2; J. F. M. \$2; M. M. S. \$2; K. M. C. \$5; A. L. \$5; A. W. \$1; J. S. \$1; K. H. \$2; O. S. D. \$1; R. A. K. \$20; M. K. L. \$4; Anon. \$13; E. F. F. \$1; R. A. \$50; M. M. \$5; M. P. \$10; M. H. D. \$5; E. P. \$5; A. M. \$2; M. M. D. \$2; F. M. \$2; A. S. \$100; M. S. \$1; T. J. S. \$1; A. S. \$9; I. J. \$1; V. W. \$5; A. L. \$1; C. B. \$1; M. B. \$2; L. M. H. \$2; L. C. \$1; A. C. \$1; D. D. \$1; G. D. \$2; C. F. \$3; O. B. \$5; A. L. A. \$1; A. B. \$1; F. N. B. \$5; P. B. \$5; D. G. \$3; F. J. P. \$1; F. X. C. \$2; E. H. \$2; A. M. H. \$2; P. J. G. \$2; J. B. \$1; J. O. N. \$5; W. J. W. \$1; M. J. M. \$1; C. B. \$5; M. H. D. \$2; A. D. \$6; W. W. K. \$1; W. J. R. \$5; A. D. \$1; J. J. M. \$1; M. H. \$3; M. B. \$1; A. T. S. \$5; A. S. \$2; A. I. \$1; C. S. \$2; F. S. \$1; E. T. S. \$5; R. L. \$4; J. M. \$10; P. M. \$5; C. F. R. \$25; L. J. P. \$10; M. O. K. \$1; N. M. M. \$1; R. M. C. \$5; W. H. \$1; J. V. H. \$5; J. J. H. \$3; M. B. \$1; E. J. A. \$1; R. G. \$2; B. L. \$1; C. J. \$1; W. H. \$5; E. M. S. \$1; L. S. \$6; I. M. R. \$6; I. M. R. \$1; G. T. \$2; J. P. \$3; **Ventnor**, J. P. D. \$100; **Verona**, L. E. \$1; **Weehawken**, M. B. \$1; A. H. \$2; J. A. L. \$1; E. J. C. \$2; E. H. \$2; A. M. H. \$2; P. J. G. \$2; J. B. \$1; J. O. N. \$5; W. J. W. \$1; M. J. M. \$1; C. B. \$5; M. H. D. \$2; A. D. \$6; M. B. \$1; A. T. S. \$5; A. S. \$2; A. I. \$1; C. S. \$2; F. S. \$1; E. T. S. \$5; **West Belmar**, E. K. \$2; **Westfield**, A. J. M. \$5; C. S. \$1; P. 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B. \$10; J. G. B. \$2; **Baldwin**, J. E. L. \$5; J. L. \$5; J. G. \$5; **Bayshore**, G. B. \$1; M. M. D. \$2; **Brooklyn**, M. M. F. \$6.25; A. B. \$3; A. M. C. \$1; J. J. R. \$10; E. R. \$1; M. B. \$2; L. F. N. \$1; M. N. N. \$1; M. T. \$2; M. W. S. \$1; J. M. G. \$2; D. M. C. \$10; J. M. C. \$1; M. M. D. \$1; M. E. M. \$1; M. M. H. \$2; H. M. G. \$1; G. M. C. \$1; N. M. C. \$2; J. M. \$1; A. M. \$1; W. M. \$5; E. V. M. \$1; W. P. B. \$2; W. J. B. \$2; F. M. \$2; B. N. \$1; M. N. \$1; J. O. C. \$10; B. J. P. \$8; M. D. \$1; C. P. N. \$1; C. A. N. \$1; O. B. \$1; M. R. \$1; L. R. \$1; A. V. T. \$2; H. T. T. \$1; M. A. T. \$2; T. M. C. \$1; J. A. \$5; M. H. \$1; F. J. S. T. \$1; E. C. C. \$2; M. C. \$1; G. W. C. \$5; M. C. \$5; A. L. \$1; A. K. \$1; D. F. D. \$1; K. C. \$2; M. A. \$2.50; A. H. \$5; B. I. I. \$1; T. K. H. \$2; R. G. H. \$1; J. J. G. \$10; P. F. \$2; F. F. \$2; J. H. C. \$1; C. B. \$6; M. A. \$2; A. D. \$2; J. A. F. \$1; A. F. \$1; H. E. \$1; A. C. G. \$1; N. 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L. E. G. \$1; **Lockport**, J. S. R. \$1; M. E. D. \$1; J. E. F. \$1; M. R. \$2; M. M. C. \$1; C. M. B. \$2; H. B. \$1; M. H. C. \$2; C. B. \$2; M. O. C. \$1; **Long Island City**, M. E. \$1; G. F. \$2; L. B. \$1; E. D. \$1; W. T. H. \$1; L. H. \$1; A. H. \$1; L. B. \$1; A. H. \$3; M. H. \$5; F. K. \$2; F. W. \$2; J. S. \$1; L. P. \$3; K. M. \$1; N. C. R. \$6; M. M. \$1; W. R. \$1; M. R. \$2.25; M. V. \$1; J. E. M. \$5; S. B. \$3; W. R. \$2; T. D. \$5; N. S. \$2; C. K. \$2; R. R. \$9; **Mamaroneck**, M. F. \$2; **Manhattan Beach**, J. S. S. \$5; **Mt. Vision**, E. W. \$1; F. L. W. \$10; **New Rochelle**, D. M. N. \$5; **New Corp**, M. L. M. \$10; **Niagara Falls**, S. M. B. \$2; **New York City**, T. J. G. \$15; M. G. \$1; M. K. \$5; I. W. \$5; M. O. B. \$5; J. G. \$1; A. M. C. \$1; M. O. C. \$5; A. H. \$3; F. F. \$5; M. E. H. \$20; J. J. K. \$5; M. R. \$1.59; E. D. \$4.80; E. C. F. \$5; J. G. \$2; M. C. T. \$2; A. A. O. B. \$5; S. M. I. \$1; M. S. \$3; M. W. \$1; M. A. C. \$3; R. H. F. \$2; W. F. N. \$1; A. N. \$5; M. J. W. \$2; M. M. C. \$2; E. M. M. \$5; E. M. G. \$5; A. F. M. \$5; G. B. M. \$2; H. G. M. \$1; G. E. M. \$5; B. M. D. \$1; M. R. \$1; G. B. \$5; J. E. D. \$1; M. K. \$1; M. P. M. \$1; J. M. C. \$2; M. M. G. \$5; R. M. C. \$2; J. M. E. \$2; L. A. Q. \$4; M. M. \$1; M. S. \$1; K. R. S. \$5; M. S. \$2; M. A. R. \$1; M. R. \$1; B. E. R. \$10; E. O. B. \$10; A. O. H. \$3; C. N. \$2; M. A. R. \$2; A. R. \$5; K. S. \$4; M. S. \$5; I. S. \$1; M. W. \$2; M. A. T. \$1; M. P. S. \$4; W. S. \$2; M. S. \$1; A. C. D. \$2; E. M. W. \$2; G. S. E. \$10; E. J. T. \$1; S. T. \$2; F. M. S. \$2; A. V. C. \$1.50; N. C. \$7; J. C. \$2; J. K. \$2; A. A. K. \$1; D. F. J. \$1; D. H. \$1; J. R. \$5; B. M. F. \$1; J. J. L. \$5; W. F. \$1; A. B. \$1; L. M. F. \$5; J. F. \$1; L. F. \$2; H. N. F. \$2; M. A. L. \$5; J. J. M. \$2; M. M. C. \$5; M. R. N. \$5; E. P. \$1; J. M. S. \$1; F. S. \$3.25; J. N. \$5; M. M. C. \$5; J. S. \$1; G. S. \$1; A. P. \$1; N. J. D. \$5; C. M. C. \$1; M. A. L. \$5; H. J. \$1; H. F. \$2; M. D. \$1; B. C. \$1; L. C. \$1; J. B. \$1; A. H. E. \$10; A. T. \$1; C. M. S. \$3; A. M. G. \$1; C. V. \$3; R. V. \$2; J. W. \$1; J. W. W. \$2; P. F. B. \$10; B. H. \$50; M. H. \$25; M. J. C. \$1; W. M. V. \$1; J. W. \$1; M. D. \$3; J. F. M. \$1; M. K. \$2; C. B. \$1; M. C. B. \$2; B. B. \$5; R. F. \$2; M. D. \$2; G. \$2; R. B. C. \$1; M. C. \$1; G. C. \$1; P. L. \$3; J. J. R. \$2; A. M. H. \$1; A. M. G. \$1; W. M. V. \$3; B. J. W. \$2; S. M. T. \$1; J. D. \$1; M. D. R. \$3; S. A. A. K. \$5; M. K. \$1; J. W. L. \$2; J. H. L. \$3; T. M. \$5; E. W. \$1; J. M. \$10; E. J. C. \$5; A. C. C. \$2; M. C. \$1; A. M. D. \$5; M. D. \$2; M. D. E. \$2; M. F. \$5; F. E. F. \$2; A. E. H. \$1; J. V. G. \$10; A. F. D. \$2; R. D. \$2; J. H. \$1; J. K. \$1; H. K. \$2; M. T. B. \$15; T. B. \$5; W. H. N. \$1; M. R. \$4; A. O. C. \$5; G. N. P. \$2; J. T. B. \$10; N. B. \$7; M. E. B. \$1; M. B. \$1; J. H. C. \$2; K. C. \$20; M. H. \$1; E. J. \$2; K. K. \$2; M. 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B. \$2; H. A. G. \$3; E. G. \$5; G. G. \$2; T. G. \$3; M. G. \$5; L. H. \$10; S. H. \$2; N. L. H. \$1; D. H. \$2; A. V. B. \$5; L. B. \$2; J. I. M. \$1; K. M. N. \$2; M. M. \$2; M. M. L. \$1; T. O. C. \$1; J. E. O. D. \$5; J. P. \$1; H. R. \$2; C. M. M. \$1; K. H. \$5; **Ozone Park**, J. J. R. \$2; **Patchogue**, S. A. S. \$5; A. K. \$1; **Pelham**, J. C. \$1; **Port Byron**, A. O. N. \$1; **Perry**, S. R. V. \$5; R. C. \$2; **Poughkeepsie**, K. C. R. \$2; C. M. K. \$3; M. E. T. \$1; F. H. C. \$1; A. C. C. \$3; M. A. C. \$5; T. J. D. \$1; E. L. \$2; F. D. \$1; S. L. \$1; R. A. S. \$5; A. K. \$1; **Rensselaer**, T. F. \$2; **Richmond Hill**, J. O. C. \$1; A. M. D. \$1; M. M. \$1; J. D. \$1; M. M. \$1; F. R. \$2; J. D. \$2; J. R. \$2; J. V. A. \$2; L. F. T. \$2; G. M. \$1; F. M. Q. \$2; M. M. G. \$2; J. M. M. \$1; M. M. \$1; J. K. \$1; M. S. \$1; J. J. F. \$1; T. J. W. \$5; W. S. \$2; W. F. S. \$2; M. H. \$1; H. E. M. \$2; M. K. L. \$1; A. M. \$30; G. M. \$1; H. B. \$2; L. P. H. \$2; C. K. \$5; H. M. T. \$1; C. E. \$5; E. D. V. \$5; J. H. \$150; R. W. H. \$1; A. B. \$1; E. J. \$6; T. A. M. \$10; L. A. K. \$10; J. L. M. \$5; M. A. B. \$5; C. A. K. \$2; P. J. N. \$2; M. J. \$1; I. F. S. \$1; J. C. \$3; P. J. G. \$2; H. S. \$2.50; W. M. G. \$1; **Roscoe**, B. C. \$5; **Rye**, B. L. D. \$2.10; **St. Albans**, E. S. \$2; H. L. C. \$1; **Salamanca**, J. J. W. \$2; **Saranac Lake**, F. H. \$1; J. P. S. \$5; A. B. \$3; E. R. \$1; A. A. \$1; H. M. T. \$5; J. A. W. \$10; E. L. S. \$1; M. F. \$5; **Schenectady**, R. O. T. \$2; A. H. V. \$1; E. B. \$2; P. J. S. \$5; N. F. G. \$2; T. P. W. \$3; R. O. T. \$10; E. J. \$3; M. K. \$5; L. A. M. \$5; J. A. B. \$1; E. B. \$3; **Springfield**, D. R. \$2; C. F. S. \$1; **Syracuse**, C. Q. \$1; **Tottenham**, K. S. \$2; A. M. E. \$1; **Tuckahoe**, E. L. W. \$5; F. R. \$7; G. J. S. \$1; M. C. \$5; J. G. D. \$25; J. J. L. \$1; J. F. B. \$1; A. N. \$2; A. J. \$1; A. C. \$1; A. B. C. \$2; E. M. G. \$4; **Wellsville**, P. K. \$1; **West New Brighton**, A. T. \$10; **White Plains**, W. G. D. \$5; M. W. \$5; M. S. \$1; J. Q. \$5; M. E. C. \$1; M. L. \$1; A. E. H. \$5; M. S. \$2; J. M. C. \$1; E. R. \$1; **Woodlawn**, E. M. T. \$5; S. T. S. \$6; **Whitestone**, M. S. \$1; J. Q. \$5; M. E. C. \$1; M. L. \$1; A. E. H. \$5; J. M. C. \$1; E. R. \$1; M. S. \$2; **Woodside**, J. F. \$5; M. F. \$2; J. P. \$1; F. J. S. \$2; M. M. M. D. \$3; J. A. S. \$1; **Yonkers**, M. J. \$2; C. C. W. A. \$2; I. G. L. \$5; **Youngstown**, W. J. F. \$2;

OHIO: **Akron**, L. D. \$6; **Cincinnati**, G. D. \$5; M. S. W. \$5; A. F. \$1; G. D. P. \$26; A. L. M. \$1; S. M. C. \$20; K. O. C. \$5; C. P. \$3; **Cleveland**, M. S. \$1; **Columbus**, S. T. M. \$10; **Dayton**, C. F. D. \$10; **Greendale**, J. R. \$2; **Hamilton**, P. G. \$1; D. B. \$1; **J. S. S.** \$2; M. L. H. \$2; J. B. C. \$2; J. M. G. \$1; L. W. \$1; **Mt. Vernon**, M. G. D. \$10; **Pa.**: **Altoona**, A. M. G. \$2; W. F. F. \$1; **Archibald**, A. K. \$1; J. T. D. \$2; B. O. C. \$5; A. C. \$2; **Ashley**, A. J. F. \$2; **Avalon**, M. S. \$5; **Bellevue**, M. C. S. \$2; M. C. D. \$5; **Braddock**, T. S. \$5; N. C. \$2; F. E. M. \$2; **Bristol**, M. A. S. \$2; **Carbondale**, M. G. H. \$1; J. J. M. \$2; **Carnegie**, E. C. C. \$2; C. J. N. \$1; P. C. \$2; J. M. C. \$1; **Cheltenham**, J. B. \$10; K. C. \$1; **Dunmore**, J. C. F. \$5; J. I. S. \$10; C. S. \$2; C. P. S. \$1; M. F. L. \$5; M. C. \$10; C. O. H. \$1; A. T. \$2; **Erie**, J. M. \$1; **Forty Fort**, F. G. K. \$1; C. O. D. \$5; **Freeland**, M. M. M. \$10; **Greensburg**, P. J. A. \$1; M. D. \$10; M. H. \$1; E. J. H. \$2; A. M. M. \$1; A. M. C. \$1; J. E. J. \$10; **Hawley**, S. A. M. \$1; W. W. K. \$20; **Honesdale**, M. A. G. \$2; J. A. B. \$10; **Homestead**, J. S. \$1; **Honesdale**, M. A. G. \$2; **Houtzdale**, J. K. \$2; **Jeannette**, M. J. G. \$1; J. F. H. \$1; J. L. H. \$5; E. A. A. \$3; J. M. K. \$1; E. E. C. \$1; **Lock Haven**, J. C. S. \$5; C. P. A. \$2; **McKeesport**, M. R. B. \$2; **McKees Rocks**, N. J. G. \$5; H. W. \$2; M. B. \$5; **Monaca**, W. C. \$1; A. G. \$1; **Nanticoke**, S. M. S. \$2; **Philadelphia**, M. S. \$5; M. C. M. \$5; S. M. I. \$10; M. C. C. \$2; M. K. \$10; J. T. W. \$1; C. W. \$2; M. E. D. \$1; H. T. \$5; G. S. \$2; W. O. N. \$5; M. O. B. \$1; M. R. \$1; A. F. D. \$1; A. G. \$5; M. V. M. \$2; M. A. P. \$1; M. R. \$1; E. P. S. \$1; P. K. \$1; C. E. H. \$3; A. E. B. \$1; J. C. I. C. \$2; E. M. G. \$1; M. W. \$1; J. T. \$1; G. S. \$10; J. D. K. \$12; M. D. \$2; A. H. \$1; A. E. \$1; H. M. C. \$1; K. M. S. \$1; A. S. \$2; M. J. A. \$2; L. M. B. \$2; E. C. \$2; K. D. \$5; J. I. F. \$2; M. J. G. \$2; M. M. S. \$1; H. S. \$3; V. A. S. \$1; E. A. P. \$1; M. H. O. R. \$2; M. M. C. \$1; E. J. Q. \$1; E. M. S. \$2; M. M. M. \$1; W. T. F. F. \$2; M. D. \$1; R. J. O. \$1; R. J. O. \$1; D. M. \$2; S. D. \$2; M. N. \$2; C. M. N. \$1; W. T. F. F. \$2; M. D. \$1; R. J. M. \$5; D. M. G. \$10; H. M. M. M. \$1; W. T. F. F. \$2; M. D. \$2; F. J. B. \$1; W. D. \$2; F. A. C. \$1; P. F. J. C. \$1; M. E. S. \$10; M. D. \$2; S. S. M. G. \$5; T. D. \$1; G. M. C. T. \$1; G. L. \$5; A. G. L. \$5; A. F. D. \$1; R. T. E. D. \$1; S. C. \$1; G. M. C. \$2; L. C. H. \$1; A. F. D. \$3; T. D. E. D. \$1; S. C. \$1; G. M. C. \$2; M. C. \$1; J. D. \$2; C. M. B. \$1; M. A. S. \$5; S. A. \$10; B. J. F. \$2; J. F. B. \$5; J. W. D. \$5; G. F. G. \$5; T. F. E. \$5; M. D. \$3; W. T. M. S. \$2; E. L. \$5; E. H. S. \$2; J. J. C. \$3; J. J. C. \$1; F. J. C. \$2; C. M. C. \$2; E. G. J. \$1; S. M. E. \$1; J. F. C. \$3; C. C. D. \$1; J. F. D. \$2; C. K. \$1; T. F. F. K. \$1; **Pittsburgh**, J. P. L. \$1; A. C. \$1; P. M. G. \$1; M. H. H. \$2; T. S. S. \$1; I. S. Y. \$1; S. M. A. \$1; F. M. F. \$1; A. P. P. \$1; A. N. S. \$1; L. S. L. \$25; C. M. B. \$5; M. B. A. \$1; T. J. M. \$2; T. M. M. \$2; A. M. L. \$10; L. L. C. \$5; E. J. C. \$1; E. D. D. \$2; T. E. D. \$2; R. E. \$2; A. F. \$4; E. H. F. \$7; C. M. F. \$2; P. J. F. \$3; M. E. B. \$5; W. P. B. \$1; C. B. \$1; E. A. B. \$1; E. P. \$1; W. F. B. \$25; E. J. E. \$10; G. E. T. \$1; M. E. C. C. D. \$1; J. F. D. \$2; C. K. \$1; T. F. F. K. \$1; J. P. L. \$1; A. C. \$1; P. M. G. \$1; M. H. H. \$2; T. S. S. \$1; I. S. Y. \$1; S. M. A. \$1; F. M. F. \$1; A. P. P. \$1; A. N. S. \$1; L. S. L. \$25; C. M. B. \$5; M. B. A. \$1; T. J. M. \$2; T. M. M. \$2; A. M. L. \$10; L. L. C. \$5; E. J. C. \$1; E. D. D. \$2; T. E. D. \$2; R. E. \$2; A. F. \$4; E. H. F. \$7; C. M. F. \$2; P. J. F. \$3; M. E. B. \$5; W. P. B. \$1; C. B. \$1; E. A. B. \$1; E. P. \$1; C. O. D. \$1; S. M. E. \$1; J. F. D. \$10; C. O. C. \$1; E. H. H. D. \$5; A. B. \$2; E. H. A. G. \$1; M. G. A. \$10; R. F. F. L. \$2; C. J. \$1; C. H. \$1; M. H. \$5; R. G. G. \$10; J. E. C. \$10; F. W. S. \$2; W. W. \$20; F. M. C. \$2; T. M. \$1; E. W. \$2; F. W. \$2; J. B. S. \$25; R. D. S. \$25; T. S. M. \$1; L. T. M. \$1; B. B. S. \$2; J. K. S. \$5; R. D. S. \$25; T. R. S. \$1; T. R. T. R. \$1; P. R. P. \$5; C. E. R. \$2; M. F. R. \$5; M. O. H. \$1; W. F. O. \$1; M. O. C. \$25; C. J. U. \$2; E. J. M. \$20; J. M. W. \$1; C. D. \$10; J. C. D. \$10; C. O. C. \$1; E. H. H. D. \$5; A. B. \$2; E. H. A. G. \$1; M. G. A. \$10; R. F. F. L. \$2; C. J. \$1; C. H. \$1; M. H. \$5; R. G. G. \$10; J. E. C. \$10; F. W. S. \$2; W. W. \$20; F. M. C. \$2; T. M. \$1; E. W. \$2; F. W. \$2; J. B. S. \$25; R. D. S. \$25; T. S. M. \$1; L. T. M. \$1; B. B. S. \$2; J. K. S. \$5; R. D. S. \$25; T. R. S. \$1; T. R. T. R. \$1; P. R. P. \$5; C. E. R. \$2; M. F. R. \$5; M. O. 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STATEMENT OF CONDITION
OF

Highland Trust Company
of New Jersey

Summit Avenue and Demott Street
TRANSFER STATION
UNION CITY, N. J.

At Close of Business, June 30th, 1925

ASSETS

U. S. Government Bonds	- - -	\$511,229.86
State, County and City Bonds	- - -	515,760.05
Railroad and other Bonds	- - -	1,210,108.98
First Mortgages on Real Estate	- - -	1,831,133.25
Loans and Notes Purchased	- - -	888,353.79
Cash on Hand and in Banks	- - -	267,185.54
Accrued Interest Receivable	- - -	57,307.39
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures	- - -	85,001.00

\$5,366,079.86

LIABILITIES

Capital	- - -	\$300,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	- - -	191,962.63
Unearned Discount	- - -	3,963.41
Reserved for Interest, Taxes and Contingencies	- - -	31,441.64
Reserved for Dividend No. 26	- - -	6,000.00
Deposits	- - -	4,832,712.18

\$5,366,079.86

Trust Funds are kept separate from the assets of the Company

**A
Banking
House
of Merit**

OUR
FRIENDLINESS
AND
HELPFULNESS TO
OUR PATRONS IS
A VALUABLE
ASSET NOT
LISTED

2 Per Cent Interest
Paid on Check Accounts
4 Per Cent Interest
Paid on Special Accounts

BUSINESS FIRMS and
INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS
CORDIALLY INVITED

BUSINESS FIRMS and
All business entrusted to us will
attention.

OFFICE HOURS
Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.
Monday Evenings, 6 P. M. to
8:00 P. M.

CORRESPONDENCE
SOLICITED

OUR representative has called at the Brunswick Laundry, 220 Tonnelle Avenue, Jersey City, N. J., and made a thorough inspection of the Largest Laundry in America. He was astonished to find cleanliness and sanitation brought to perfection, he has found over 600 Employees, cheerful, healthy and satisfied with their jobs, their pay and their employers. Patrons are always invited to visit this large plant and see for themselves the process of washing and ironing. The Brunswick Laundry's policy has always been fair play to all employees and customers. We gladly recommend this firm to our readers.

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THE SIGN

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As Long As

"AS LONG AS YOU DID IT TO THE LEAST OF MY BRETHREN
YOU DID IT UNTO ME!" THIS IS OUR LORD'S OWN GUARANTEE.
ARE YOU WILLING TO TAKE HIM AT HIS WORD?

AGAIN there comes from our Missionaries news of famine. Do you know what that means? It means a time when the Missionary's heart must be staunch, indeed, not to break beneath the strain. It means gruesome, heart-rending scenes, agonizing cries, terrifying diseases, untold misery and widespread death.

PICTURE to yourself the long, winding, dusty roads of China lined for miles with dead and dying. Imagine that from all sides you can hear the pleading cries for food. Place yourself within a Passionist Chinese Mission. Look yonder through the window. See there a mother with her little ones huddled about her. She has come from afar. She has bravely struggled forward until she could only crawl upon her knees. The flesh is worn from the bones and her garments are mere bits of rag. In her arms she clasps her youngest baby, once the joy of her life, now merely a corpse. By her side stand her other babes ranging in years from two to six. Her mother-love urges her forward, ever forward but she can go no further. Her voice has long since been silenced by starvation, but her eyes, those high lights of the soul, are begging you, pleading with you to save her babes from starvation. And those babes, how they cry for just a little something to eat!

THE poor Missionary beholds not only this group but hundreds, thousands like it. He hears their cries night and day. Their very presence haunts his sleep. And as he beholds them around his shelter, his thoughts travel to America. He thinks of the crowded beaches, parks and places of amusement. The overcrowded theatres and dance-halls echo with peals of laughter and merriment. Everywhere pleasures, joys, happiness. Americans are regaling themselves in luxury, while outside his very doors human beings are dying by the thousands because they have nothing to eat!

AMERICAN Catholics, we call upon you for help. We beg of you to forego merely some pleasure, to sacrifice some trivial amusement and send some help to your fellow-beings in China. If only each one who reads this would send us something, how many human lives could be saved! Send your donations *now*. Human life will not wait. Men, women and children are starving *today*. Tomorrow, unless you help, they will be dead. Act now and you will be happy for having helped in saving human lives. You will not receive a hero medal but God will know and that's enough! You cannot answer this appeal too soon. DO answer it NOW.

{ PLEASE SEND YOUR DONATIONS TO
THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES
Care of THE SIGN
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY }

